Amusements, &c.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, CARS, AND RAIL-ROAD.

WM. NIBLO respectfully informs the public that he is now exhibiting, in full operation around the South Garden, the beautiful little Engine called the NOVELTY, made expressly for exhibition, together with Cars, which carries four or more persons with great rapidity over a Rail Road of 140 yards, at the rate of eight miles the hour.

The Novelty was made by Mr Baldwin, of Philadelphia, a distinguished Mechanician, who has formed it after the model of the lightest and most beautiful of the English Engines. The Novelty for grace of action, ease, and smoothness of motion, will not be disparaged by comparison with any compulsive instrument hitherto constructed.

This beautiful specimen of mechanicism would have been exhibited to the New York public before this, had it not been for the *Epidemic*.

As the Novelty will be exhibited but for a short season, those who wish to indulge a curiosity for witnessing this beautiful specimen of American Mechanism, and Locomotive Experiment, will no doubt find themselves highly gratified, and satisfied, that the time is not far distant, when one of those flying machines, in this age of improvement, may leave New York for the West, and in three days, place cannon on the battle ground, or merchandise in the warehouse of New Orleans, and return to New York in the same week, at the rate ordinarily executed, now on the Liverpool Rail-Road.

The hours of exhibition from 10 to 1 o'clock in the morning, from 3 to 6 in the afternoon, and from 7 to 10 in the evening.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price. s29

PEALE'S MUSEUM

AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS,
Broadway, opposite the City Hall.

THIS favorite fashionable resort has, during the temporary absence of the greater portion of the inhabitants, undergone numerous alterations and improvement, and no expense has been spared to render it still more attractive.—The proprietor hails with pleasure the reappearance of his friends, and trusts that his humble endeavors to render this establishment a pleasing Evening Lounge, will on its re-opening on Monday evening next, the 3d September, be enlivened by the smiles of numerous citizens and strangers. On that occasion the great Anaconda will be fed with a living rabbit.

To enumerate even a few of the principal curiosities in the Museum, would occupy too much space for an advertisement, and the reputation it has attained by the superiority of its specimens, at once does away the necessity of puffing. The public are invited to judge for themselves.

Admittance as usual, 25 cents—children half price. Season tickets on moderate terms. s29

THE COURT OF DEATH,

PAINTED by Rembrandt Peale is now open for exhibition and sale at the Rooms (late Atheneum) corner of Broadway and Pine st.

The idea of this subject was taken from Bishop Porteus' Poem on Death. The Picture is 24 feet long, 13 feet high—23 figures size of life. This very popular Picture, which was exhibited in several cities with unprecedented success, has not been unrolled for many years. It was reserved with the idea of forming a Gallery, but that purpose being abandoned, and the author about to proceed to Europe, it will be disposed of by private or public sale, either to deposit in some Gallery or Hospital, or for profitable speculation as an exhibition picture. The following is a correct list of the receipts of this picture during the short period of its exhibition. In Baltimore, $1785; Philadelphia $10, (alarm of yellow fever); New-York, 1767; Boston 1067; Salem 152; Charleston 1099; Savannah 300; Augusta 312; Richmond 277; Washington and Alexandria 670—in all $8239. This picture has lost none of its attraction, having been often enquired for; and a new generation has since grown up whose curiosity may be gratified in the contemplation of it.

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At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

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BY JAMES D. ARMSTRONG, 35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE. | SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1832. | FIRST VOLUME, NUMBER 48. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1832.

THE ELECTIONS.

We may live fifty years and not witness an excitement like the past election. Early in the week, or even on Saturday, the utmost anxiety was felt for the result of the Pennsylvania Election, on which immense sums of money were pending—more perhaps than on our own State. Despatches were hourly arriving, bringing results that for a moment gave life to one or the other party, but the next news would only dissipate the hopes that so flatteringly excited the sanguine and the eager. During Sunday farther information came to hand, but still all were in the dark. No calculations seemed satisfactory to those that made them. Doubts were in the minds of the most knowing. Some resolved to hedge and save themselves—others increased their bets and put all on the cast—others again withdrew by consent or transferred their wagers and staked them on our city or the State. Expresses were expected by the earliest dawn on Monday, which would enable both sides to judge with tolerable certainty of the ultimate result. But whatever it might be it was expected to have a most serious influence on the City Election. Monday came, and with it gladdening news for the Jacksonians. Our City Polls were opened under the influence of these reports, and various demonstrations of joy were exhibited through our streets. Bets on 15, on 18, and even on 20,000 majority in Pennsylvania were freely offered and taken. The bulletins were thronged by the eager news-readers, and the information quickly spread through the city. Each party had different accounts to encourage their friends, and each backed their confidence in their respective calculations and means of information with their purses. "*Action*" was the watchword of both parties. The whole city turned out, and the streets swarmed with the busy partizans of the contending factions. Every expedient that the sagacity of man could devise, was resorted to to inflame the passions or arouse the spirit of the voters. Handbills replete with expressions indicating the good or bad measures of either party, and flags bearing the mottoes of the Hero and the Orator, were hung around the various voting places. Tuesday was very inclement, but the spirit of party was by no means damped by such extraneous circumstances. With a perseverance that defied the elements, the leaders were busily bringing to the polls all laggers, and such as had not yet jumped down on either side of the fence. Thus the battle went on when our outside form went to the press, and cut short this impartial notice of the most turbulent and warmly contested election ever witnessed in this city.

THE EXECUTIONER.

"An executioner can never be fairly appreciated, because he is covered with a veil of external prejudice. At his name people shudder and draw closer together, as if listening to a ghost story in the great hall of a Gothic Castle. The name is associated with blood and murder.

"I had long anxiously desired to be acquainted with this terrible functionary. I was anxious to see him in his own house, and surrounded by his family—to hear him speak of his dreadful duties, and utter sounds of human language. Knowing no one who could introduce me to him, I determined to introduce myself, and one morning bent my steps, not indeed without emotion, towards the *Rue des Marias du Temple*.

"Arrived at No. 31 *bis*, I saw that it was a small house, protected by iron railings whose interstices closed by wood, prevented the eye from penetrating into the interior. There is no opening to the railings; the entrance to the sanctuary is through a small door contiguous to them, on the right side of which there is a bell. In the middle of the door an iron slit, like those at the Post Offices, receives the letters sent by the Procureur General to the Executioner.

"I gently rung the bell; the door was opened, and a tall athletic young man, about thirty years of age, politely inquired what I wanted. 'Mr. Henry Sanson,' said I, in a trembling voice. This individual was one of the executioner's assistants.

"Among other accredited errors regarding the executioner in France, is an idea that the office is perpetual in the same family, and the son is obliged to succeed the father. No such thing. No man who has not undergone the sentence of a court of justice can, at a period when the lowest citizen enjoys his civil and political rights, be forced to embrace any profession against his will. Another cause must be found [illegible] for the son always reaping the bloody inheritance of his father.

"The executioner lives in a state of exclusion from society. He can associate, out of his own family, with none but executioners; nor can he seek alliances anywhere but executioners. Is it his fault if you have made him a man apart from other men? Would you give him your daughter in marriage, or seek to become his son-in-law? Would you admit him into your house? Would not his arrival at any place where you might be, raise throughout your frame the same kind of shudder as if you were in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and the lion had broken loose. And yet he is a man, as well as you, and equally in want of friendship and love, which he can demand only from those circumstanced as he is. He and his are like a family of Chandalas in the midst of a community of Bramins.

"Do not believe, however, that the office of executioner can ever want an occupant. When Monsieur de Versailles died, some years ago, without issue, there were a hundred and eighty-seven applications for his office. Most of the candidates were old soldiers, several of them butchers. This fact leads to a horrible doubt. Can it be possible that all men are qualified for such an office, and that familiarity with blood is alone wanting?

"I return to my visit.

"I was ushered into a small room, where I saw a man about sixty, with a countenance beaming with mildness and candor amusing himself at the piano. This was the executioner!

"In the same room was his son,* a young man of three or four-and-thirty, with light hair, and a mild timid look. On his knee sat a girl ten or twelve years old, lovely as an angel, remarkable for the beauty and nobleness of her features, and their expression of artless vivacity. She was his daughter.

"This family picture struck me forcibly: and Sanson must have perceived it. The fact is, that without sharing in the prejudice of the multitude, I had, nevertheless, formed an idea very different from what was now before me. That little girl, above all—she strangely bewildered me. I could have wished that nothing so beautiful might have been found there; it was like sun-light on a thunder-cloud, or a rose rising in its beauty between the stones of a sepulchre.

"For several years past, M. Sanson, the younger, has performed the duties of his father's office. Destined for reasons which I have already explained, to succeed to that office, he is serving his apprenticeship of blood under the eye of the latter, who is obliged to be present at every execution—for the law knows no other than him, and he is personally responsible for all that passes.

"M. Sanson received me like a man of the world, without embarrassment or affectation, and politely inquired the object of my visit. My story was ready prepared. I was writing a work on judicial punishments, and, relying upon his obliging disposition, had taken the liberty of applying to him for information. The amiable manner in which he replied, that all the information he possessed was at my service, made me feel quite at home. I did not therefore confine my questions to the avowed object, and in a conversation of nearly two hours, I had an opportunity of observing the sound judgment and purity of mind of *Monsieur de Paris*.

"M. Sanson did not attempt to disguise how acutely he felt the stigma attached to the situation. But he supports it, not like a scorner, but a philosopher.

"This feeling, however, never once made him forget the distance which society has placed between him and it. If you but lost sight of it an instant, M. Sanson would himself take care to recall it to your mind.

"One thing struck me particularly. He had often resorted to his snuff-box without once offering it to me. This departure from the established custom of snuff-takers, surprised me. On a sudden, mechanically indeed, and without thought, and while absorbed in conversation, I offered him a pinch from my box. He raised his hand in token of refusal, with an expression of countenance impossible to describe, but which sent a chill through me. Unhappy man! a recollection of the past brought the blood tingling to his fingers' ends!

"M. Sanson delights in conversation; probably because he has read much and with profit. He has an extensive and well-chosen library, which, in his house, is not merely ornamental. His books indeed, are his only society; with their aid he can [illegible] tion, converse with master minds, obtain recreation from his horrible duties, consolation for the scorn of his fellow men, repose for his days, and sleep for his nights.

"Excluded from living society, his intercourse is with the great of past ages,—he can look on them without a shudder—they died not by his hand!

"Among the works, were two which I little expected to find there,—the works of M. de Maistre, and *Le dernier d'un Condamné*.

"The library furnished me with a topic of conversation which I was glad to avail myself of. Until then the conversation had flagged; I had felt a delicacy in pressing him with questions, and he, with the fact which characterises him, avoided speaking on any subject not immediately connected with his office. But the moment we touched upon literature, he yielded me an entire confidence; the constraint he had imposed upon himself disappeared. He laid down principles and discussed his opinions like a man well acquainted with the subject, and notwithstanding certain literary heresies, arising from the want of an elementary education, he gave decisions that would have done honor to a member of the Academy of Inscriptions.

"One would have supposed that the nature of his office, and the description of persons with whom it brings him in connexion, must have extinguished in him all human feelings;—quite the reverse—they have developed the most acute sensibility. The man who coldly inspects the preparations for an execution, raises piece by piece the dreadful instrument of death, oils the ropes, and tries the edge of the knife with his finger, cannot restrain his tears when you remind him of any past execution. He raises his voice with energy against the punishment of death, develops with animation the means which might efficaciously be substituted for it—and on the day of execution he may be seen as pale as death, refusing food and overcome with feelings of disgust and horror.

"He related to me some curious anecdotes concerning the last moments of certain celebrated criminals. I shall not record them here. Amid facts sometimes affecting, sometimes burlesque, such details are painful—they are like the smiles of a corpse on a gibbet. I shall only mention why the scaffold and guillotine are now taken down immediately after an execution. Formerly they remained standing, the spring which put the knife into action being fastened by a padlock.

"In 1797, after an execution, the executioner and his assistants had retired to the first floor of a *cabaret*, situated at the angle formed by the Place de Grève and the Quai Pelletier. They were talking, drinking, perhaps laughing. Some one knocked at the door. It was a workman, who came, he said, to beg that M. Sanson would lend him the key of the guillotine. A journeyman barber had just been taken in the act of stealing a watch, and the people, in their love of summary justice, had hoisted him upon the scaffold, tied him to the fatal plank, slid him under the knife, and, but for the precaution taken, his head would have been already off. The executioner, who had opened the door himself, replied, that M. Sanson was just gone out, and had taken the key with him, but would return in a couple of hours. There was, therefore, no remedy but to wait. By degrees the crowd began to disperse, but the man devoted to death was left lying under the axe. At last, and after a lapse of time, every minute of which must have appeared an hour, he was released. Nothing can give an adequate idea of his feelings, nor of the agony he suffered during this novel species of slow torture.

"Less from a motive of curiosity than to remind M. Sanson of the professed object of my visit, I begged him to show me the room which contained the instruments formerly used in the infliction of judicial torture. The sight of this museum filled me with horror. One thing in this conservatory of murder is worthy of mention—it was the sword with which the Marquis de Lally was decapitated. The weapon was manufactured on purpose, and several blades were made before one could be found fit for the purpose.

"At that period whenever any remarkable execution occurred, the young Lords of the court were in the habit of standing upon the platform of the scaffold, just as they were accustomed, in the evening, to seat themselves upon the benches which in those days, stood upon the stage at the theatres. On the day of M. de Lally's execution these spectators were more numerous than usual; and one of the most eager to enjoy the spectacle, accidentally struck the arm of the executioner at the moment the latter was balancing the murderous steel, previously to striking the fatal blow. The shock caused the weapon to deviate from a right line, and instead of striking the nape of the neck, it fell upon the head of the victim which it penetrated, and stopped at the jaw. The sword was notched by coming in contact with the tooth, and an assistant of the executioner was obliged to terminate the tragedy with a cutlass! I held the fatal sword in my hand, and saw that a tooth might easily have caused the notch. Another anecdote may not here be out of place.

"About the year 1750, in the middle of the night, three young men, belonging to that high class of the nobility, which had then a monopoly of breaking windows, insulting street passengers and beating the guard, and which would fain have revived, after too long an interval, the gay, extravagant, and insolently aristocratical manners of the regency—were strolling down the faubourg St. Martin, after supper, laughing and talking under the influence of sparkling Champaigne.

"On their arrival in the Rue St. Nicholas, they heard the sound of instruments, and the music was of so lively a character that it could not but indicate a hearty bourgeoise dance. How fortunate! it would enable them to pass pleasantly the remainder of the night.

"One of them knocked at the door, it was opened by a polite well-dressed man.

"The young lord hastened to explain the motive of this unseasonable visit.

"The gentleman, with a frigid politeness, declined their company. 'This is a family party,' said he, 'and no stranger can be admitted.'

"'You are wrong,' said the young nobleman, 'We belong to the Court, and we are doing you great honor in condescending to join your party.'

"'Once more, gentlemen, I must refuse your offer, neither of you know the person you are addressing, or you would be as anxious to withdraw as you are now importunate to be admitted.'

"'Excellent, upon my honor!' said the most eager and the wildest of the party, 'and who the devil are you?'

"'I am the Executioner of Paris.'

"'Ha! ha! ha! What, is it you who cut off heads, break limbs upon the wheel, make nerves crack upon the wooden horse, and torture poor devils so agreeably?'

"'Softly, gentlemen. Such, indeed, are the duties of my office; but I leave these matters to my deputies. It is only when a man of quality—a young lord, like either of you, gentlemen—is subjected to the penalties of the law, that I do execution on him with my own hands.'

"The individual who addressed the executioner was the Marquis de Lally, who, twenty years afterwards, died by the hands of the same man upon whose office he was then exercising his powers of raillery.

"When I quitted Sanson, after a long visit during which I had lost sight of his situation in his society,—prompted by that natural warmth of feeling which urges us to make advances to those who please us,—I instinctly held out my hand to him. He drew back with a look of surprise and confusion.

"The snuff-box occurred to my recollection, and I fully understood his thoughts. The hand which comes in daily contact with crime, dare not press that of an honest man."

* The circumstance of this young man's marriage is somewhat romantic. A young and very beautiful girl, the daughter of a rich hosier of Paris, seeing him often pass her father's house, fell deeply in love with him, without knowing who he was. On discovering the dreadful secret her parents endeavored to combat this unhappy attachment, but so ineffectually, that she became dangerously ill, and would, no doubt, have died, had not the prejudice been overcome, the young man sent for, and the match concluded. This couple are models of conjugal affection. The office of executioner at Paris is better paid than that of president of the Royal Court. M. Sanson, the elder, has two unmarried daughters, remarkable for their beauty. He has spared no expense upon their education, and is able to add handsome dowers. Yet these ill-fated and lovely girls must make up their minds to marry executioners, or pine away their lives in single blessedness.

LAUGHABLE ADVENTURE.

The following is a diverting account of a little adventure, which we are confident was far less amusing to the party concerned than those who read it. We take it from a Dumfries Journal.

"One of our townsmen who had occasion to visit Colvend lately, departed in a gig drawn by rather a young poney. As his family happened to be at the salt water, the gig was well laden with provision, including a pie, a few bottles of ale, tea and sugar, a loaf or two of bread, &c. &c. When near Colvend Kirk, the horse got or grew CUMSTARY, and wished to go one road while the driver's views favored another. A struggle ensued; the beast refused to yield; the motion of the vehicle became unsteady, and one of the wheels having grazed a large stone or mass of rock at the side of the road, it became alarmed, and galloped off at full speed. The reins had little effect on its mouth, and as the road appeared to be none of the safest, the driver watched an opportunity, leapt out, and landed safely in a whin-bush. Freed from every trammel the animal careered at a great rate, and though partially stopped at one point, again galloped off, up a hill, in the direction of the house of the parish farrier, as if aware that he kept a salve for every thing in the shape of horse sores. From the nature of the ground, it is not wonderful that the gig should have been upset, and that even before this occurred, the viands were scattered about in every direction. At every little distance fragments of the pie flew off at a tangent; but the main body of the feast, along with the basket in which it was placed, was found picturesquely deposited on the top of a knoll, in a manner the owner is at a loss to account for, excepting on the supposition that in "stotting out" it had alighted on the back of some bird, and been indebted for its perch to a goodly pair of wings. What remained of it was found in strange company, being flanked by a quartern loaf on the one side, and a soap-box and razor on the other; and the wags even add that a knot of urchins had gathered round, and seizing on what they considered a lawful prize, were giving an excellent proof that fingers were made before forks. Be this as it may, the good people of Colvend were extremely kind, and assisted our friend to the utmost of their power in gathering together the wreck of his salt-water fortunes.

SNEEZING.—A schoolmaster taught his boys whenever they heard him sneeze, to rise up with solemnity, cross their hands on their bosom, and ejaculate, God preserve our venerable tutor! One day he took them out for a walk, and the weather being hot he proposed they should halt at a well, the well was deep—so the master made them join their turbans together for a rope, and descending to the bottom, handed them up their drink, one after the other. The refreshment over, he bade them draw him up again, and had nearly reached the top when the coldness of the well made him sneeze—The whole posse instantly let go the rope, threw themselves into their accustomed attitude and exclaimed with great fervor, "God preserve our venerable tutor!" who fell and broke his leg.

BYRON'S LOVE OF HIS RANK.—Byron came to see us to-day, and appeared extremely indisposed; after an hour's conversation on different subjects, he, at length, broke forth with, "Only fancy my receiving to-day a tragedy, dedicated as follows: "From George —— to George Byron!" This is being cool with a vengeance. I never was more provoked. How stupid, how ignorant to pass over my rank! I am determined not to read the tragedy, for a man capable of committing such a solecism in good breeding and common decency can write nothing worthy of being read. We were astonished at witnessing the annoyance this circumstance gave him, and more than ever convinced that the pride of aristocracy is one of the peculiar features of his character. If he sometimes forgets his rank, he never can forgive any one else's doing so; and as he is not naturally dignified, and that his propensity to flippancy renders him still less so, he often finds himself in a false position by endeavoring to recover lost ground. We endeavored to console him by telling him, that we knew Mr. George —— a little, and that he was clever and agreeable; as also that his passing over the title of Byron was meant as a compliment; it was a delicate preference shown to the renown accorded to George Byron the poet, over the rank and title, which were adventitious advantages ennobled by the possessor, but thus could add nothing to his fame. All our arguments were vain; he said, "This could not be the man's feelings, as he reduced him (Lord Byron) to the same level as himself."

As an honest seaman, who had just come into port, was taking a stroll in the country, he saw a bull dashing furiously along the road, directly towards him, and according to the custom of the animal, when under full speed, with his tail straight out behind him. "bull ahoy," roared Jack, making a speaking trumpet of his hand. "Ease off your spanker sheet there, you lubberly son of a cow, or you'll be a foul of me." But the bull paid no attention to the warning of Jack, and the next moment the tar was reeled in the dirt; "there, dam your eyes," said the enraged seaman, gathering himself up, "I told you, you would run a foul of me."

SINGULAR PICTORIAL IMAGINATION.—It is a remarkable circumstance, that the portrait of Henry VIII was the means of preventing a commercial treaty between the Portuguese and the King of Borneo. A Portuguese vessel having touched at that place, opened a trade there with great success. The King received the strangers with special favor, and they displayed before him the presents with which they were prepared. Among other things was the marriage of Henry VIII and Catharine represented in tapestry. When the King of Borneo saw the bluff figure of Henry, as large as life, he bade the Portuguese pack up their presents, take them on board, and leave his dominions immediately. He knew, he said, what they brought him those figures for; that ugly man was to come out in the night, cut off his head, and take possession of his dominions. There was no persuading him out of his imagination, and the Portuguese were compelled to abandon a commercial speculation which was so auspiciously commenced.

A SUBSTITUTE.—General Daniel, passing by a sentinel at Portsmouth, the fellow complained that he wanted a pair of shoes. 'Tis fit that you should have a pair, said the General. He then takes a piece of chalk, and chalks out a pair of shoes upon the sentry box, and says 'There's a pair for you,' and goes away. His back was no sooner turned than the soldier chalks out a man standing sentinel and then goes away. The General presently after was surprised to meet the fellow in town, and inquired with several threats how he came to leave his post. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am relieved.' 'Relieved, that's impossible at this time of day, who has relieved you?' 'One, I'll swear for it, that will not leave his post,' replied the soldier. Hereupon the General goes with him to the place. 'There, sir,' says the fellow, 'if I am to look upon this as a good pair of shoes, you must own that this is likewise a very good sentinel.'

A new kind of reticule, called a CABAS, is the rage with the Parisian fashionables, for work-bags. The name, we believe, is Spanish; but the English visiters protest that it is named after a cabbage-net, which the said CABAS somewhat resembles. They are made, however, to the price of eight or ten guineas; beads of gold, silver, or even pearls being netted into the material, which appears to be the fine flax used for unbleached Cambric. Many are even confined by rich turquoise studs. The Queen of the Belgians received more than one splendid CABAS among her wedding presents.

THE "RULING PASSION."—Some years ago in the flag ship at Bermuda, a seaman was engaged in painting some part of that vessel, the paint, which was white lead, had been mixed with a portion of rum, as a substitute for spirits of turpentine, as a drying liquid; at the close of the day, when the work had been finished, the man who had performed it could not resist the temptation of draining the remaining liquid from the pot, and although he must have been sensible of its deleterious quality, as being impregnated with poisonous matter, he drank it off, and very shortly after paid the forfeit of his life for the rash act. On inspection it was found that the stomach had not been affected, but that the brain was in a high state of inflammation.

In further illustration of this point, we may here mention a ludicro-serious anecdote that came within my own knowledge. A foremast man on board his Majesty's ship —— in all requisite qualities a valuable seaman, while lying on his back in his hammock, almost in the last stage of existence, from a disease produced by habitual drunkenness, was informed by the surgeon unless he refrained from drinking he would certainly die within a month. On the day following, the surgeon was going on shore, and as he passed the patient's hammock, the latter thus addressed him; "I say, Dr. as you are going on shore, you may as well order my coffin, for I can't give up the grog."—UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL.

A GLANCE

FROM THE PIT OF THE OPERA.

Well, here's a sight! Who ever dared to dream of seeing little Richmond-hill so fine? It is as if some fellow, whom you had been accustomed to behold struggling painfully on for the bare necessaries of existence, with apparel leaning towards antiquity, and other various melancholy indications of need, should suddenly appear with every grace of manner and splendid attire, breathing of perfume and flashing with stars, sunning himself in the gayest smiles of beauty and fashion, and lording it triumphantly over his once overbearing rivals. Why, we have seen this now fair temple, dingy, lonely, and dark; dim lights dispensed forlorn forebodings; and people, whom "sharp misery" had worn to the bone, lounged here and there about the desolate and broken benches. Two fiddles and a fife played tunes which seemed mournful as the wandering ghosts of unburied arias and overtures; and the man at the door slept, a pleasing prerogative which he was sadly envied by the promoter. Even the section of the town where this audacious little building stands now so impudently, in the very face of old Drury and the high-sounding American, was then gloomy and silent, and deserted by all but that large and respectable class of republicans whom Shakspeare designates as "the million." But now, all the glittering and costly equipages in town thunder up there, and thunder back again, over the midnight pavements, to the horror and distress of all the plain thrifty housewives in the vicinity, who think there is the very deuce to pay; and, as for the theatre itself, it has, with the audience, undergone one of those transformations which promising young authors refer to when they say "language is inadequate to describe."

Indeed, we should possess but little of that *American* vanity which renowned vagabond bookmakers charge us with so freely, if we did not experience some pride at the *ensemble* presented by the boxes of this saucy establishment on a fashionable night. When the New-York ladies choose, they can fill a theatre with as dazzling a display of loveliness as any in the world. Come, dear reader, some of you may chance to be pleased with a peep into this charming scene, without the trouble of riding a mile or two, and paying treble price. Well, keep close to us: we are privileged beings—sort of *genii*, on a small scale; and, by graceful quavers of Montresor—nay, by the warbling of Pedrotti herself, you shall have a glance! In the first place, let me tell thee a secret about our refined society. It is something quite confidential and mysterious, and you must be mum. Now mind: your finger on your lip. We'll have no treason here. Then know, that authors, and book-makers, and travellers, of all descriptions may visit this redoubtable town of Manhatta, and walk about the streets, and look at the brick walls and wooden fences and board here and board there, and groan a night in the cabin of a steamboat, or rattle in a stage, and then return, and publish the results of their observations on the manners of our *elite*. They know just as little about them as if they had staid at home in their insignificance, and were only prophets in their own country. Why, people who are born here, live here, make money here, and die here, never know a word about the matter neither; never suspect what brilliant and beautiful things are going on in their vicinity; never dream—but we must not be *too* communicative.

Well, this refined society is like a phantom,—beautiful, brilliant, dazzling, but still a phantom, appearing only now and then to the raptured eyes of mortals—a seraphine vision, and then gone—thin air—and all earthly power cannot again summon it till it please to come. We have been a year without meeting it in public. Sometimes, in sooth, when Orion gleams in the midnight sky, and the stars which rose at six are dipping one after the other behind the western hills, it shines in secret to favored eyes: the dull laborer closes his sleepy lids—the thoughtful student lays aside his precious book—the artist is dreaming of his unfinished sketch—the poor are turning in bed painfully, at remembering the note which will fall due on the morrow, and never know—but again our mettlesome pen requires hard reining.

This radiant apparition appears sometimes at a ball; but seek it there another time, you will not find it. Occasionally it gleams up in the theatre from some caprice, and again the most powerful attraction fails to win it within the walls. We have caught sight of it in a sunshiny day in the street, and afterwards wandered over the dim pavements, seeking it in vain. It is subject to the spell of a potent and lovely conspiracy. No one suspects the truth but a few, and they dare not tell. Hence, he who would see New York fashion and beauty collectively, must watch and wait, and be often disappointed.

Well, within the walls of this Richmond-hill we see it; and, reader, thou shalt see it also.—But how is this, sir? A frock coat? Heavens! "Off, off, ye lendings," call in your perukier, send for your tailor, make yourself fit for a wedding, at least. Well, now you will do, only it would be better if you handled that quizzing-glass more elegantly; it wants the air: and as for your hat, sir, opera-hats are—well, no matter. You will do in a crowd, and must be content to gaze like an humble astronomer, and at a great distance, upon the brilliant stars now sprinkled so profusely and brightly along the vault of the fashionable heaven. Do you see that lovely creature in white yonder, in box No. —? That's —— Never was a fairer. She has travelled, too, and can tell you what Lord So and so says, and how Count So and so enters the room. In addition, she is an heiress—is gay, witty, accomplished; and as for beaux—heaven save the mark! they swarm like locusts. Of them all, however, only one really loved her, and he, neither rich nor great, turned away affrighted at the crowd of presuming dandies by whom she was surrounded, and is now in the East Indies. We knew him well,—a bold, glowing, gifted being, not born to stoop and cringe, even to a woman—

"A pure, warm heart—a spirit high—
That could not fear, and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow."

People do say that those lovely eyes were once seen suffused with—but they now beam so brilliantly no one will believe that. Cast your eyes upward; pass them along the dazzling line of faces. There! she has caught you. Did ever nature fashion any thing more pre-eminently beautiful? Has she a motion that would dishonor the unstudied grace and nature of a gazelle, and her eyes just as soft and lustrous:

"Eyes large and dark—Oh, he who knows
His heart is weak, to Heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those."

A proud representative she was abroad of American loveliness. They called her—in your ear—

Have you remarked any peculiarity in the heads to-night? Do you not detect a reflection of a certain accomplished girl, as if she shone from so many mirrors? And then—the undisguised partiality for low foreheads. That head is really strikingly classical and chaste. The Grecian air stirs the student's associations. He will dream of goddesses in his sleep to-night.

What do you think of heraldry, my good reader? True, it is not republican; but you say it is very grateful to the feelings. Our ideas on that subject are rather unique. We rather look to what a man is, than what his great-grand-father was, in forming a friendship; people will differ, however. It matters little whether a poverty-stricken family is well descended; but it is provoking for a wealthy one not to have a good line of ancestry. Do you see that elegant company in No. —, and, again, that in the opposite box? Ah! there is a sad history relating to them: we learn that a feud exists between them as dreadful as that of the far-famed Montagues and Capulets. It is said, that during the prevalence of an epidemic which drove the inhabitants of this city-of-all-cities out of house and home, these two lordly families were flung into contact, and the splendor of the Simpkins' could only be equalled by the display of the Timpkins'. Rumor declares their meeting was nearly as profuse in prodigal wealth and pomp as that of Francis the First and the Eighth Harry. For a time, the voice of fashion awoke the naiads from their sleep by the sea-shore, and the blaze of elegance and beauty roused the echoes of the green forests. But the whole scene was suddenly converted into horror, the entertainments closed, and all joy ended in discord and indignation, by one of the little Simpkins' asking one of the little Timpkins' who her grandfather was! Even now thou may'st see proud glances shot across the house from these offended beauties, and such a tossing of lovely heads, such flashes of radiant eyes, it is seldom the lot of a mere scribbler to behold.

You will perceive from this, my friend, that our polite society is of a mixed nature. There is in it much to commend and much to ridicule. There is a world of ignorance and arrogance blazing in wealth, and a deal of highly-cultivated intelligence and seducing beauty enhanced by modest goodness and elegant address. Among some, is a sickly sensitiveness touching their rights: they are forever on the watch lest they degrade themselves by some informal act, some too affable condescension which forms the conspicuous characteristic of spurious gentility. We have stumbled upon some odd things of late, and two or three characters well enough for a rough sketch: we may or we may not attempt them. An amusing portfolio might be collected; and we promise ourselves another glance from the pit of the opera.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

READY LOADED.—A countryman was once looking at some fine English rifles, and expressing his admiration at the beautiful and highly polished weapons. The gentleman who owned them, told him they were to be sure very fine, and were all cast, stock, lock, and barrel. "The devil they are," said Hodge. "Oh yes," replied the gentleman, "and for a dollar more, they cast 'em *ready loaded*."

GRUMBLING BELOW.—George Stevens used to relate a story of a man that married a woman so much taller than himself, that if he wished to salute her, he was obliged to climb upon a table.—'This woman,' added George, 'if her husband was ever out of humor and complained, would look down as if from a two story, and ask, 'Who is it was that kept grumbling there below?'

When Charles the Second saw a man climb to the top of the flag staff on the pinnacle of Salisbury spire, 'Ods, fish!' said he, 'this man shall have a patent, that nobody shall do this but himself.'

HAIL!—The 'party' editors have a queer notion of hailing. Down in one corner of the state, a little 7 by 9 pepper-corn, after a wonderful effort, cries, "Hail our success!" Another of larger dimensions ejaculates "twice hail!" and the response of a third is "*thrice hail!*" while the mammoth sheets bring up the rear with the triumphant shout of "ALL HAIL!"

THE LOST WIG.—While Lord Coalstoun lived in a house in the Advocate's Close Edinburgh, a strange accident one morning befel him. It was at that time the custom for Advocates and Judges to dress themselves in gowns, and wigs and cravats, at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House; they usually breakfasted early, and when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlor windows for a few minutes, before St Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his maternal treat, two girls who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His Lordship had just popped his head out of the window, directly below that from which the danger was impending like the sword of Damocles over his head; when down came the exasperated animal, at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing place their kitten had found, than in terror or surprize they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal, up also came the Judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His Lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted off his head was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion could be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the [illegible] terror of the girls above—together with the potentive energy of puss between—altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshanks might perhaps embody with considerable effect.—It was a joke soon explained and pardoned; but assuredly the perpetrator of it did afterwards get many a lengthened injunction from their parents never again to fish out of the window with such a bait for honest men's wigs.—EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS.

Our fair readers will not fail to appreciate the following account of the presents made by King Leopold to the Princess Louise on his marriage. A peep into such a glittering casket is worth an ordinary husband, and the possession of it worth a dozen—at least a lady told us so.

"It is the custom of the Continent for a bridegroom to present to his lady, on the eve of their union, a handsome collection of jewels, contained in what is called a *corbeille de noce*. The fashion of the *corbeilles* varies from season to season. The *corbeille* presented by King Leopold to the Princess Louise, consisted of a gothic chest of ebony, inlaid with silver, in a damask pattern, and studded with oriental pearls. This, we must add, sounds somewhat funereal, but its contents offered an ample apology. In the first place, a magnificent suite of diamonds, consisting of a necklace, comb, and wreath of wheat ears, the latter made so as to take to pieces, and become applicable in various other forms; besides a variety of brooches, intended for looping up the drapery of court dresses, and clasping on bouquets. A complete suite of different colored stones, mounted in gold so lightly that the setting was invisible, and a great variety of wheat ears in emerald, chrysophrase, jacynth, topaz, chrysolites, and other stones, representing wheat in every shade of its growth. A set of Neapolitan shells, and another of antique cameos, richly set in gold, besides a great variety of gold chains, some light, others very massive. Two studs for night dresses, of large single diamonds.—Eight cashmere shawls, four being square, and four being long. Scarfs in every variety of lace, viz. Alençon and Brussels point, Lisle, Mechlin, Valenciennes, Chantilly: besides some curious varieties in cashmere, embroidered with gold, silver, and pearls. A dress of silk muslin (one of the new French stuffs) embroidered in bunches of grapes, of which the fruit was composed of amethysts. A dress of Chinese silk, painted in bouquets of flowers by the hands of the first artist; enclosed in a case of japan, painted in flowers *a la Chinoise*, and richly gilt. A great variety of what are called *Cadeaux de Corbeille*, or wedding presents, accompanied this beautiful chest. Among others, a set of chimney ornaments, *a la Francaise*, consisting of clock candelabra, and vases, composed of oak leaf, green enamel and gold. A breakfast service to match, with a beautiful plateau of the same. Another breakfast service of silver gilt. A dressing case, work-box, and writing desk, *en suite*, of chrystal and gold, lined with rich velvet. Several beautiful cases of oriental japan, filled with birds of Paradise, heron's feathers, marabout and ostrich feathers, and the richest plumes, in all their varieties. Several pieces of velvet, brocade, blonde, gold and silver stuffs, and rich silks of every description; besides an infinite variety of trinkets and ornaments for the embellishment of a dressing room or boudoir, each contained in a travelling case of the richest kind.—The *trousseau*, or wedding clothes, presented by Louis Philippe to his daughter, were of corresponding magnificence, and were forwarded to Brussels some days previous to the marriage."

The Editor of the Nantucket Enquirer daily relates the following anecdote, which bears indubitable marks of coming from the sea-serpent part of the coast:—

"About thirty years ago, a very small child was noticed to steal regularly away from its meals and to carry its plate of victuals with it. This had been repeated so often that the parents determined to watch its movements. Following the child, unperceived, they saw it go to a snug corner of the yard, seat itself on the ground, and, disposing its plate before it, separate the provisions into two parts, and then quietly wait, as if in expectation of company. It was not long before a large rat, to their great surprize made his appearance from a neighboring hole, and seated himself at the side of the plate opposite the child with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Immediately both set-to, without ceremony, the one with a spoon and the other with a nose, each at his own diversion of food.

"The dinner party seemed to enjoy all the gust which intrinsic worth and agreeable participation could yield. When the feast was over the rat retired, and the child returned with apparent satisfaction to the house. The only occurrence which marred the harmony of the occasion was an attempt of the visitor to take a morsel from the portion which the other had reserved for itself; but this aggression was met on the part of the child with a gentle tap of the spoon over the part used in taking snuff, and the moderate reprimand 'keep on your own side, rat.'"

Lately, a horse belonging to Mr. Jasper, of Stebbing, died, after suffering, as it appeared, in great agony, the cause of which defied the skill of Mr Thomas Hudson, veterinary surgeon of great Dunmow, to remove. On a post mortem examination, six stones were found in the stomach; one of them was of the almost incredible weight of eighty lbs. eleven ounces, and the five others weighed four lbs.

[From the New Gil Blas.]

A MODERN MIRACLE.

"Thy name, I think, is Fernando,' said one of the friars to me one day, leading me into the cloisters, as I was passing out from dinner. 'Fernando is my name,' said I, 'and my name is all my inheritance.' 'Thou art poor, no doubt,' rejoined he, 'but I design that thou shall soon be richer, if thou wilt consent to obey my instructions that are to produce so agreeable a result;' and the friar then explained to me how that the finances of the convent were miserably low—that a new organ for the chapel and many ornaments for the major altar were wanted; and that on the occasion of the approaching festival, when it was always the custom for the devout to lay some little offering upon the altar of the saint, it was intended to warm devotion by some striking display of the saint's gratitude: and finally, I was made to understand that if I would consent to personate the saint, by wearing his garments and crown—to hold a silver salver in my hand to receive the offerings, and to bow my head whenever the donation exceeded a duro—I should be rewarded with a thousand reals; but on conditions that I should immediately afterwards quit Valencia, and reside in some other town. * * * *

Upon the day appointed for the celebration of the festival, I was received by the superior, whom I found to be the same individual who had formerly spoken with me, and who, with two or three others, was alone in the secret of the pious fraud in which I was to be an actor. 'By this,' said he, 'we confirm the wavering, and strengthen the faith of the true Catholic—and thus the end justifies the means.' The habiliments of the image having been removed I easily slipped into its place, divesting myself only of my cloak, and found room enough within the foldings of the cloth of gold that covered my tarnished dress; the crown was placed upon my head, a well contrived mask upon my face and a massive silver salver in my hand, which, somehow or other, seemed to grow to my fingers. Thus prepared, the chapel railing was thrown open, and the matin bell began to chime. And now the devout Valencians poured in, and crowded into the chapel, where I stood beneath a silver gilded canopy. The wants of the convent had been industriously circulated by the friars, nor had less pains been taken to encourage a belief that some visible manifestation of the saint's good will and gratitude might be expected. The first that entered were some beggars with little more than their tattered brown cloaks to cover them, and a few quartos dropped upon the salver, large offerings succeeded—pesetas, half and whole duros; but no sign of gratitude or good will escaped from the saint. At length a gold piece rung upon the salver, and forthwith the saint bent his head. The miracle was seen by all; a thousand thumbs had in an instant performed the sign of the cross—a thousand knees were bent; a loud and earnest hum of prayers rose from a thousand kneelers—at the same instant the organ pealed forth its loud anthem, and 'Glory to God, glory in the highest,' was the universal song of praise. But the miracle operated in a more substantial form; the prediction (!) of an influential saint was well worth the sacrifice of a few duros—gold poured into the salver; and to such an extent, that not only was the saint's neck weary of acknowledgement, and his arm of the weight with which devotion burthened it—but a new miracle became necessary—the silver salver was too small to contain its offerings, and the gold was beginning to slide off the heap; the saint, therefore, withdrawing the salver, deposited the contents somewhere within the folds of his under garments, and again extended the vessel to the awe struck devotees. The throng that had poured into the chapel at length began to lessen; and the mass having begun at the major altar, all hastened to place themselves before it; so that the chapel of the miraculous image was left for a time without a worshipper. Now, thought I is the moment—slipping my arms out of the wide sleeves of the saint, I disentangled myself from the cumbrous garments, which were stiff enough to stand erect without the help either of an image or its representative; the mask I left propped in its place, and the salver also I would have left in hand of the saint, but I was compelled to dispose of it otherwise—it followed its contents within my girdle and having stealthily descended from the canopy, I threw my old cloak, which I had laid behind it, over my shoulders, and drawing my hat over my brows, I walked leisurely out of the chapel, and through the church, and soon found myself in the Calle de Alboraya, and crossing the bridge of the Holy Trinity. What took place in the convent when mass was ended, at what time the discovery was made, or what steps were taken to trace the flight of the mock saint, I have no means of ascertaining, and never stopped to inquire; but satisfied that I had practised less fraud upon the friars than they had practised upon the people, I continued my walk at no unusual pace, that I might avoid suspicion, along the avenue that leads to the port—engaged like others in leisurely cutting up a melon, and eating it by the way."

THE BOSPHORUS.

A SKETCH.

The stranger whose felicity it has been to float between the shores of the Bosphorus, will often glance back with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction to the memory of those magical waters. This splendid strait, stretching from the harbor of Constantinople to the mouth of the Euxine, may be about twenty miles in length, and its ordinary breadth exceeds one mile. The old Greek story is, that one may hear the birds sing on the opposite shore. And thus two great continents are divided by an ocean stream narrower than many rivers that are the boundaries of kingdoms. Yet it is strange that the character of these two famous divisions of our earth is nowhere more marked than on the shores of the Bosphorus. The traveller turns without disappointment from the gay and glittering shores of Europe to the sublimer beauty and the dusky grandeur of Asia.

The European side, until you advance within 4 or 5 miles of the Black Sea, is almost uninterruptedly studded with fanciful and ornamental buildings; beautiful villages, and brilliant summer palaces, and bright kiosks, painted in arabesque, and often gilt. The green back-ground to the scene is a sparkling scene of terraced gardens, rising up a chain of hills whose graceful undulations are crowned with groves of cypress and of chesnut, and occasionally breaking into fair and delicate valleys, richly wooded, and crossed by a grey and antique aqueduct.

But in Asia the hills rise into mountains, and the groves swell into forests. Every thing denotes a vast, rich and prolific land; but there is something classical, antique and eventmysterious [?], in its general appearance. An air of stillness and deep repose pervades its less cultivated and less frequented shores; and the very eagles as they linger over the lofty peak of "the Giant's grave," seem as though they are haunting some burial place.

I remember that one of the most strange, and even sublime spectacles that I ever beheld occurred to me one balmy autumnal eve as I returned home in my caique from Terapia, a beautiful village on the Bosphorus, where I had been passing the day, to Pera. I encountered an army of Dolphins who were making their way from the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora through the Strait to the Euxine. They stretched right across the water, and I should calculate that they covered, with very little interval, a space of three or four miles. It is very difficult to form an estimate of their number, but there must, of course, have been many thousands. They advanced in grand style, and produced an immense agitation, the snorting, spouting and splashing, and the wild panting rush I shall never forget. As it was late, no other caique was in sight; and my boatmen, apprehensive of being run down, stopped to defend themselves with their oars. I had my pistols with me, and found great sport, as although the dolphins made every effort to avoid us, there were many always in shot. Whenever one was hit, general confusion ran through the whole line; they all floundered about with increased energy, ducked their round heads under water, and turned up their arrowy tails. We remained thus stationary for nearly three quarters of an hour, and very diverting I found the delay. At length the mighty troop of strangers passed us, and, I suppose, must have arrived at the Symplegades at about the same time that I sought the elegant hospitality of the British Palace at Pera.—[*Marco Polo, Jun.*]

From the London Court Journal.

THE DUKE DE REICHSTADT'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS GRANDFATHER, THE EMPEROR FRANCIS II.

A traveller plainly dressed and unattended, but whose air and manner bespoke him a man of rank, was seated in the common room of the Golden Sun, a tavern at Rambouillet, on the 15th of April, 1814, when a stripling of an interesting appearance entered, and drawing the host on one side spoke to him with great earnestness, bursting at the same time into tears.

Pity made the traveller forgetful of etiquette; he approached the young man, saying, in a kind tone,

"What is the matter, sir, why do you weep?"

"Let him alone," said the host, "the poor fellow is one of the Empress' pages, and he cries like a child because they will not permit him to take a last look at his mistress; they will not suffer one of the Imperial household to approach her."

The stranger made no reply, but he kept his eye fixed on the page. In a few minutes, the latter departed, and our traveller followed, with the intention of consoling him. In effect he had, he believed, a means of entering the apartment of Marie Louise, and he meant to make the stripling, the companion of his expedition. But, in turning the corner of a street, he lost sight of him, and he pensively pursued his way to the chateau, reflecting on the vicissitudes of empires.

A master key admitted him to the gardens of the chateau. He stood for a moment contemplating a child that was playing with the sand in one of the walks. A lady was at some distance from him in a travelling dress, she was walking slowly and pensively; it was evident she was in tears. The lady looked up, the traveller saw he was discovered; he apologized for his intrusion and offered to retire. The Comtesse de M. lady of honor to the Empress, would not permit it.

"Ah! sir," said she, "talk not of etiquette in such a day as this; it is not you, nor such as you whom we would exclude. We are too happy to see a friendly face—to find a heart a little touched at our misfortunes. But time presses—tell me I beseech you, if you know aught of the future prospects of my unfortunate mistress."

The stranger tried to predict something consoling: he spoke cautiously, it was evident that he only allowed himself to look on the favorable side. The lady answered his arguments only with her tears.

"Yes, yes," said she, at length, 'they will separate us, and that child, that poor child, will be sent to die at Vienna."

The child approached. The magnificence of his dress bore no testimony to his fallen fortunes, it was ornamented with brilliant buttons, brandeburgs, and the most expensive furs. His little hands were full of sand.

"Poor Angel!" said the governess, "one would almost think, sir, that he has had all this morning a presentiment of his misfortune, he is so sad. He repulsed one of our ladies very rudely. I said to him: "You are no longer a king, sire, and you ought to be polite to every body." He looked at me for a long time; recollecting myself, I called him Monseigneur; he burst into tears.'

The stranger gazed earnestly on that child, whom he beheld, as he then feared, for the last time. His high forehead, and the fair curling locks, which did not cover it, belonged to Marie Louise; but the chin, and, above all, the eyes were those of Napoleon.

"He is a glorious creature," said the stranger with a deep sigh, "it will cost you dear to part with him. If madame, under the circumstances, I dare ask you——"

"To embrace him? Ah, sir, pity for his fate would at this moment give that right to every Frenchman."

The stranger stooped, the prince gravely presented him his little hand to kiss. Too deeply moved to think about etiquette, the stranger caught the little potentate in his arms, and imprinted upon his blooming cheek a kiss of unfeigned affection.

At that moment, the noise of a carriage entering the great gate of the chateau made the lady of honor turn pale. The traveller assisted her to carry the prince round to the principal entrance. As they reached it, they saw three officers of the Holy Alliance descend from a plain carriage. At the same instant, the ex-Empress appeared at the head of the grand staircase, followed by some of her attendants. The child, who directly drew the attention of the visiters, burst into a laugh, and pointed with his finger at the oldest of the gentlemen, who advanced towards him.

He was a tall, meagre personage, with a long narrow visage and powdered hair. He was dressed in the uniform of an Austrian officer, white lined with red, black stock, and a cocked hat with a plume of black cocks feathers. He stooped to embrace the young eaglet, who threw himself back, and, screaming with anger, returned the caresses of his admirer by the most vehement struggles to get away from him. Talk of the voice of nature! it is evident that she is sometimes silent: for it was the grandfather of the illustrious child—it was Frances II. who embraced him.

One of the Emperor's attendants advanced; he was a man of about forty, of a slender and graceful figure, and a countenance which, without being handsome, was rather attractive, particularly when he smiled.

"Metternich," said the Monarch, in an embarrassed tone, "take charge of this little urchin."

As he approached the stair case, where his daughter waited to receive him, Francis turned towards his other attendant; one of his chamberlains and Field-Marshal of the Empire. His left eye was covered with a bandeau, very unlike that of Cupid, notwithstanding which, he was destined to console the widow of Napoleon le Grand.

"A little spoilt, Albert," said the emperor, "it is generally the case with only sons."

It was the Compte de Neipperg, who bowed as the Emperor addressed him.

LONDON POLICE.

BOW-STREET. *Remarkable Case.*—On Tuesday, a tall and very portly, good-looking man, of gentlemanly appearance, about 69 years of age, accompanied by a very pretty young girl and a policeman of the M division, suddenly appeared before the magistrates, and the former asked, "If there was any charge against Mr. B." The magistrates were somewhat surprised; upon which the policeman said, the gentleman's name was Brown, and that he lived in Prospect-place, Walworth. An application having been made at Marlborough-street, a few days since, by a lady, who alleged that her daughter had eloped with Mr. Brown from her school, he (the policeman) made inquiries, and found the gentleman and the young lady at Prospect-place. When he informed Mr. Brown of the mother's application, Mr. B insisted on immediately going before a magistrate.

Mr. Minshull. I have heard of no charge against Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown said he would explain. The young lady now before their worships was the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Milner, rector of Middletown, in Sussex, one of ten children left with her mother when Dr. Milner died. An application was made on her behalf to the corporation established for the relief of the children of the clergy who may have fallen into distress, and that body consented to advance their usual sum of 35l. towards her maintenance and education at school. She was then placed at school in the establishment of a Mrs. Field, at Marlow, Buckinghamshire, who agreed to take her for three years for 60l. in the character of an apprentice, the difference of 25l. to be made up by her friends. The balance, however, was not paid, and she became distressed for the want of the necessaries becoming her situation; and three months ago she ran away from the school, and came to London. He (Mr. Brown) having been informed of this circumstance, employed Ruthven and other police officers to trace her, and at length succeeded in finding her at a house in the Borough, from whence he took her to his own residence, where she had remained ever since. It had been stated in the newspapers that she had eloped with him from school, which was scandalously false; his only anxiety being to preserve her from destruction. She was found by the officers wandering about in the Borough, and since that period he had been exerting himself to raise a subscription for her, in order to procure her respectable employment, and provide for her future comfort and happiness. In this object he had been assisted by the Bishop of Chichester, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, the Duchess of Kent, Mr. Penn, of Pennsylvania residing in Spring-gardens, Mr. Drummond, and Mr. Childs, the banker, all of whom had subscribed sums of money, amounting in the whole to 57l. The Bishop of Chichester, however, in lending his aid for the daughter, begged he might not be drawn into a correspondence with the mother, to whom he had a great dislike. "The fact is," added Mr. Brown, "that the object of Mrs. Milner in making the application at the police-office was to obtain a part of the money, which she knows had been subscribed for her daughter."

Mr. Minshull. On what terms have you lived with Mr. Brown?

Miss Milner. As his guest, merely, sir; and he has been very kind to me.

Mr. Minshull. Still I cannot understand why this case comes before me.

The policeman said Mr. Brown had been informed that Mrs. Milner had been waiting about this office all day on Monday to make a charge, and that was the reason he came here.

Mr. Minshull. Are you a married man, Mr Brown?

Mr. Brown. No, sir; I have a housekeeper, a highly respectable woman.

Mr. Minshull (to Miss Milner.) Where did you sleep in Mr. Brown's house?

Miss Milner. With his housekeeper, sir.

The Policeman. The housekeeper herself told me that fact, sir.

Mr. Minshull. Really, I hardly know how I have jurisdiction to act in this case; but here is a young, and, I believe, an innocent girl, placed in a very singular predicament. It is my duty, as a magistrate, to protect innocence as much as to punish the wrongdoer. Mr. Brown says, Mrs Milner's object is to obtain the money which has been subscribed for her daughter. This may be so, and probably is the fact. I think the best way would be to write to the clergyman of the parish where her mother resides, and state the circumstances, and request him to make inquiry, and through him I will receive any communication the mother may have to make.

Mr. Burnaby, the clerk, wrote a letter to that effect; and when he had finished it, the policeman said he had reason to believe Mr. Brown's regard and anxiety for the welfare of the young lady was of the strongest kind; for that in his presence Mr. Brown had that very morning said he would marry her sooner than she should go back to her mother.

Mr Brown. And so I would. (A laugh.)

Mr. Minshull. But would the young lady consent?

Miss Milner. I should not object, sir (laughter.)

Mr. Brown. Upon my soul, sir, I am serious and I will marry her, too, if she does not too speedily alter her mind; and, to tell you the truth, I don't think she will prove a fickle jade. (Merriment increased.)

Mr. Minshull. Then this part of the business seems to have been previously discussed between you?

Miss Milner. O yes, sir. (laughing heartily.)

Mr. Minshull. But you cannot marry without the consent of your mother, can you?

Miss Milner. Yes, sir, by being asked in church,—and, sir," (added the young lady, dangling her reticule before her face, and casting a laughing glance towards Mr Brown that must have been perfectly irresistible), "to speak plain that has been done, and we—— we are to be married next Sunday, sir. (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. Brown joined with great apparent glee in the merriment—said this was quite true, and that there was no use in denying it.

Mr. Minshull. I think, Mr. Burnaby, the expense of postage may be saved, you need not send that letter, and Mr. Brown is at liberty to depart.

Mr. Brown then left the office.—Miss Milner leaning very affectionately on his arm, and the fond couple looking "unutterable things" at each other.

City of New-York:

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 10, 1832.

☞ The undersigned have sold to Mr. JAMES D. ARMSTRONG, all right and title to the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK," with all their dues for the same, and they avail themselves of this opportunity to express their gratitude to those friends whose patronage they have enjoyed, and whose future favors they hope will be extended to the present proprietor with equal liberality.

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
THOMAS W. RENNE,
Former Proprietors of the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York."
New-York, Nov. 3, 1832.

☞ The undersigned has purchased from WM. T. PORTER & Co. the copy right of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK," and all dues for the same. To sustain that character which this Paper has heretofore enjoyed among its Patrons, the present publisher has secured for the editorial department, the labors of one who has largely contributed to its columns since its first publication. No effort or expense will be withheld that can render it worthy the patronage that has thus far sustained it, the continuance of which is most respectfully solicited. JAMES D. ARMSTRONG.
New-York, Nov. 3, 1832.

☞ Our authorised Agent, H. G. DAGGERS [?], will proceed up the Hudson the ensuing week to make collections for this paper. He is our *only* agent, and we request our patrons, both in the city and country, not to pay their subscriptions to any other person.
New-York, November 10, 1832.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

Except to politicians, the past has been an unpleasant week. For three days we were enabled to form pretty just conceptions of "the Three Days in Paris." There was no burning of powder to be sure, but there were many glorious opportunities for the acquisition of a black eye, or a "disturbed condition" of the "handle of one's face." Every street was thronged with crowds wending their way to the polls, where the scene of confusion and bustle was enough to damp the ardor of any quiet politician, and almost cause him to forego the privilege of voting. But the occasion was deemed peculiarly important, and some five thousand more votes were cast than had been ever before polled in our city.

"The agony is over" as the wise ones say, and we turn with pleasure from the excitement and turmoil incident to a closely contested city election, to those subjects which though less intense, are of more varied and pleasureable interest. We, more perhaps, than most editors have felt the dearth of interesting topics, since the political strife has been raging, wherewith to fill our sheet, and render it at the same time of that light and sportive character which becomes the chronicler of the gladdening amusements of the day. But this season has now terminated, and we shall be cheered on our future course by the enlivening efforts of our cotemporaries, who will now fill their columns with more interesting details than the trite and stale backbitings of greedy politicians.

A farmer in the vicinity of Jackson, Miss. recently, on a hunting excursion, shot a rattlesnake, which he left lying in the road; on his return to the place about two hours afterwards, the snake was missing while making search for it he discovered a rattlesnake, which he also shot when on approaching it, he found the object of his search, the last one killed having swallowed the former.

FINE PICKINGS.—We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a splendid loaf of plumb cake, presented to us by an esteemed friend in Stamford. It is neatly iced over with sugar, of a milk white, and beautifully embossed with variegated figures made of sugar, of a variety of colors, with the patriotic words of Patrick Henry placed on the top 'give me liberty or give me death.'—*Gospel Witness.*

Now the veritable editor of the Gospel Witness has forgotten to tell us the why and wherefore he should have been made the recipient of a splendid plumb cake; though his having published the fact, shows either that it was connected with some public occasion—or that he is a prodigious favorite with the Stamford ladies—or that he wishes to excite the envy of his poor brother editors, by hinting that cake "embossed with variegated figures made of sugar" is not an every day dish with the "trade." Well, this is all natural enough, for most men are disposed to ejaculate "what a tail our cat's got,"—though in the present instance, we must reverse the figure and exclaim, what a *head* the Gospel Witness' got. Do you take, Sir Teacher?

THE RIOT.

During the Election, there were many scenes enacted of the tragico comico order, that gave wondrous mirth to the admirers of bloody heads and bull-dog ferocity. But the game of "knock down and drag out" was perhaps better illustrated (tho' we would not be invidious) in the Seventh and Fourteenth Wards, than in all the others put together. A company of bullying rioters attempted to take possession of the ballot boxes at the Seventh Ward poll, and actually prevented the depositing of many votes. At the Fourteenth, a portion of the same gang amused themselves during the day by the enactment of similar feats, and at night commenced using up the wares of the grocer in a manner he could not behold without tears. he immediately applied to our determined High Constable Hays, who, with the assistance of a hardy band of the sturdy watchmen of the night, made an onset on the turbulent political rioters, who received the "*Charlies*" with a warm salute of clubs and sticks, but were ultimately subdued—some made prisoners, others escaping, and others, trampled into the dirt, were overlooked in the march for the watch-house.

A number of respectable individuals were more or less injured by the mob; but as bleeding for our country is glory to the individual, we presume no one regrets the loss of a little claret, a tooth or two, or an eye, if by this means he contributes to the "freedom of elections."

A number of the choice spirits, we understand, are bound over for trial, and we trust they will meet with that reward which their merits so strikingly demand.

A DISCOMFITED [?] KNIGHT.—The New-Hampshire Telegraph, speaking of Phrenology, says—"We once had our cranium examined by a lady who made no inconsiderable pretensions to the science. We recollect that our head was pretty well '*bumped*' to say the least, but what was indicated thereby, our memory saith not—guess not much! She, however, made us out a very *clever fellow!*—but we always suspected her of some *design*—she was the *wrong* side of twenty-five—*unmarried!!*"

What unconscionable vanity some of us editors betray. Just think of a pumkin-headed knight of the quill submitting himself to the manipulations of a fair lady, and after she has thrust her pretty fingers through his wiry locks to discover a single indication of talent, he has the presumption to hint that she found his head *perfect*, and is so uncourteous as to attribute her "flattering tale" to some selfish views on himself, and what is still worse, and never to be forgiven, he comes out with the lady's age. We expect to learn by the next Telegraph, that this same Mr Editor has had his hair combed with a three legged stool, or has been made to appear before a committee of old maids and begged pardon,—or has been entirely cut up, root and branch, at some desperate tea fight.

CHARLESTON STEAM PACKET.—We are pleased to refer our city readers to the notice in our advertising columns of the steamboat David Brown, which is to run between this and Charleston, S. C. The time employed in making this voyage by steam is not expected to exceed 70 hours. The David Brown is a new and elegant boat, well-fitted for sea, with a fine low pressure engine, burning anthracite coal—indeed she has every thing to recommend her to the patronage of those who are desirous of making this voyage with comfort and speed. Her commander, Capt. Pennoyer, is well-known in this city, as a gentleman possessing all the requisites of a seaman and the urbanity and kindness so desirable in a Master.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The Opera House continues to be most fashionably attended, and the "Troupe" to win new honors. On Monday the new opera of "L'Italiana in Algieri," was performed with marked applause, but not with the same enthusiasm that attended the representation of the two first favorite pieces. They have been repeated again and again, and on each occasion have elicited the admiration of the amateurs, and satisfied the most fastidious. It gives us pleasure to record the unequalled success that has attended the efforts of these enterprising and talented foreigners; and to them may be attributed, we trust, the permanent establishment in our city of the Italian Opera.

It is with no ordinary feelings of sorrow that we record the death of SIR WALTER SCOTT. The grave has now closed upon the remains of this highly gifted individual. He died in the month of September, at Abbotsford, of a most painful and lingering disease.

The new poem, by JOHN Q. ADAMS, late President of the U. S. which is advertised as in press at Boston, is anxiously looked for by the literary circles.

MAIL ROBBERY.

COURIER OFFICE,
NORTHAMPTON, Nov. 1, 1832.

The great Western mail was stolen from behind the mail coach this morning, between this town and Chesterfield; and notwithstanding the vigilant exertions of our Postmaster, and the citizens on the road, no trace of it has yet been discovered. Three fellows were seen lurking about the stage-house just before the stage left, and they unquestionably are the perpetrators of the robbery. The mail probably was taken into the adjoining woods and rifled of its contents (the value of which cannot yet be known), long before this time. Every exertion is making to recover the mail, and apprehend the robbers; and the reward of fifty dollars, offered by our Postmaster, it is hoped will induce the young men on the mail route to make a vigorous effort to secure them.—*Boston Daily Atlas.*

This is the only robbery we recollect to have heard of for years as having taken place in New England. "The gemmen of the road" have heretofore confined their depredations to Southern routes, and even there, they have seldom escaped detection; but it would be the next thing to a miracle if they succeeded in getting off undetected among the thickest settled portions of the land of steady habits,—even though the "young men" on the mail route" should not be vastly stimulated to exertions by the reward of 50 dollars offered by the postmaster. Why the young men should be supposed peculiarly susceptible to the influence of such a reward, surpasses our comprehension; but as we do not "live on that route," we will not rail at the left handed compliment.

TURF REGISTER & SPORTING MAG.

The eternal jargon of political aspirants, have so occupied the columns of nearly all our exchange papers that we looked forward to the arrival of the magazine of our able cotemporary Mr Skinner, with feelings of delight. At last it came, and we were not disappointed. It does one good to turn from the tedious bickerings of party strife, and dwell with pleasure on the ravishing details of the sports and pastimes that employ the leisure hours of the gay contributors to this most excellent periodical.

We had proceeded thus far in our self congratulations, when the following notice in the Standard caught our eye, and it has so fully expressed our own sentiments, and so happily too, that we shall endorse the encomium, and insert it entire—bating merely the little political hint at the close, which, to us neutrals, is "neither here nor there."

THE TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.—We have just received the third number of Mr. Skinner's periodical, which quietly holds on its course amid the din and turmoil of politics, and always pays liberally for the time employed in reading it. Our days and nights have been very much occupied of late in settling all the affairs of the nation: but we could not turn the cold shoulder upon our friend, the aristarch of the race course, and arbiter of the equestrian destinies.—After all, there certainly is something exceedingly pleasant in the biography of a distinguished racer; something captivating in its significant brevity—"Dam Yarico by Eclipse; grandam Filly by Spectator; g. g. dam Gundy by Blank g. g. g. dam Blossom, by Crab—g. g. g. g. dam, by Flying Childers, and so on, with a procession of g's as long as the name of a German princess of sixteen quarterings. Then what animating descriptions of unparalleled hunts, and incredible shots, and gigantic salmon. What dinners after the toils of the day! "*Surgit amari aliquid,*" however. The sportsman must rise with the dawn, a necessity to which we never could reconcile our conscience in the morning; after dinner we have often made good resolutions, but somehow or other it always happened that in our [illegible]. Then again there is now [illegible] of "some gentleman who had a bad fall over a hill of timber," and a significant wonder whether "Dick Christian came alive out of the ditch in which he was left with a thorough-bred on the top of him." These awkward "occasionals" do throw cold water upon our ardor, it must be confessed although, perhaps, they may be nothing when one is used to them. But we are in danger of forgetting good master Skinner. Right glad we are to find him alive and merry, and we tender him the right hand of fellowship, nothing doubting that so clever an editor of so pleasant a magazine, must be a good Jacksonman, and a most accomplished and unconquerable a Nimrod.

MISS KEMBLE.

We subjoin, from the Philadelphia *American Sentinel*, a notice of Miss KEMBLE, which is the best article we have seen from any of the papers of that city on this subject. Its cool and dispassionate tone together with the real elegance of the composition, renders it a beautiful model of theatrical criticism; and, more than all, its truth, which we endorse with all our hearts comes home to us with a vividness that gives beauty to the description. Those soulless beings who have accused us of exaggeration in our poor attempts to render some justice to the fair object of our city's admiration, will learn that we are not alone in our praises, and that others participate in the homage we feel proud to offer to the fair dispenser of such pure and intellectual enjoyment.

Miss Kemble continues to attract *tremendous* houses. The box office is daily beset by an eager crowd—and the theatre nightly brightened by an unequalled display of beauty and fashion.

"Many causes, in addition to her acknowledged histrionic ability, have combined to excite in Miss Kemble's favour the curiosity and interest of the public. Her connection with the master-spirit of the English stage—her resemblance, real or fancied, to Mrs. Siddons—and her own literary reputation—all have prepared the public to expect a wonder. In addition to these, we may mention another, which notwithstanding our surly republicanism, has had a still greater effect: we allude to her alleged standing in English society, and the pride, reserve, and hauteur with which she is said to have received the advances of the rank and fashion of Philadelphia. Miss Kemble, however, with the intelligent, needs no such 'foreign aid' [illegible] popular report in the present instance, instead of [illegible] rating, has absolutely failed in depicting her merits. We have strong doubts whether the stage has ever boasted an actress combining more of the advantages of her profession. In person, she is of the middle size, and elegantly proportioned. She possesses not so much that *prettiness* which excites a momentary pleasure in the beholder, as the beauty of intellect and passion—the beauty in which genius finds not only the representative of her feelings and powers, but their possessor. Her frame seems instinct with mind, and changes with every variation of feeling. When buoyant with a light and girlish cheerfulness, it melts into a faint lightness and beauty; but when swelling with passion or erect with pride, it dilates into a majesty from which the gaze is lowered in involuntary deference. Her eye is large and dark, and her features well proportioned and expressive. Her motions are easy and graceful: like the action of the waves, whose motions melt, as it were, beneath the eye, all is gentle, easy, and elegant. In the mildest extremes of feeling, grace waits on passion; and the most sudden and impetuous transitions are depicted without abruptness or violence. Her attitudes, though unequalled in their beauty and expressiveness do not betray the traces of art or study. They are the natural and easy personifications of passion. But it is her most potent charm lurks in her voice. It winds its way into the heart, and thrills with a power that the most hardened and sceptic must feel and acknowledge. It is melodious, yet powerful; full, deep, and possessed of great compass yet sweet and silver-toned as the Æolian harp. In its modulations, there is a great variety and harmony of tone: it comes warm from the heart, and has all the nature and simplicity of untutored feeling.—Our ladies who after the hours of childhood never express the feelings in the tones of the heart, but learn the unvarying, measured, monotonous accents of fashion, should hear Miss Kemble to know what the human voice is. She has a tone for every feeling—from the buoyancy of joy to the plaintiveness of sorrow—from the full accents of command to the broken murmurings of entreaty. All these, however, are professional merits, in which she may be rivalled by her professional competitors—it is in the general conception and portraiture of her parts that her *genius* is best displayed. In this particular, she is not only faultless but *inspired*. Parts the most leaden are now enlivened; the coldest become instinct with passion; and the beholder wonders that he weeps now over that which could never move before. Her beauty, her grace, the melody of her voice the elegance of her attitudes—*all are* lost sight of, and the soul follows her spell bound through her part, forgetful of her art, and almost unconscious of its own emotion. This is her great merit. Every part she plays is effective. Even Julia, in the Hunchback, melts the whole audience into tears. If tried, it is warmed, if exaggerated, it is reduced; its discrepancies are reconciled, and its deficiencies filled up, by her genius. She considers what the character should be, and she makes it so. In no part does she allow it to falter. Others are successful in depicting particular passions—she takes the *whole heart*, strikes every chord, and illustrates every feeling. Whatever she is called upon to personate she *realizes*, until we acknowledge that none could do it as she has, and suspect that to be her peculiar power. The next transition [illegible] us. We follow her through every path of the drama, and acknowledge her unrivaled—the mistress of every avenue of the heart."

FOREIGN NEWS.

BELGIUM & HOLLAND.—The King of Holland has refused to accept the last conditions of the London Conference, in relation to the settlement of the affairs between his kingdom and that of Belgium. It is supposed the King relies on the assistance of Austria and Prussia, and somewhat on Russia. On the other hand the French and British Cabinets have the strongest inducements to support the throne of Leopold. Any offensive movement on either side would probably involve Europe in a general war. The Dutch army is described as being most formidable both in numbers and discipline.

SPAIN.—The death of the King of Spain, which now seems placed beyond a doubt, is an event pregnant with interesting consequences. He leaves but one child, a daughter, still an infant. By an ancient law of the Kingdom, no female can inherit the throne; this law he abrogated. Will his brother Don Carlos, to whom the crown would otherwise of right descend, quietly submit to be thus deprived of it? Our next accounts will probably throw some light on this subject.

PORTUGAL.—Gibraltar papers contain intelligence that there several attacks had been made upon Oporto by the troops of Don Miguel, who were each time repulsed with heavy losses. An engagement had taken place between the fleets, in which a frigate, a sloop of war, and a royal steamer belonging to Don Miguel's squadron were sunk.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK.

After an absence of some weeks Mr. and Miss KEMBLE have returned to our city, and have again appeared at this Theatre. The impression which they created during their first engagement was of that character to insure them the warmest welcome on their return. At an early hour the house was crowded with a most fashionable audience and the [illegible] impatience to express their delight at again beholding these distinguished illustrators of the Drama.

Milman's tragedy of Fazio was selected for the occasion,—Mr. KEMBLE playing Fazio for the first time. It was in this powerfully written play that Miss KEMBLE made her debut before an American audience and well do we recollect the impression she produced. On the first representation Miss Kemble was miserably supported and we then imagined that Fazio was a most subordinate character, from which the tender [illegible] Bianca stood out in bold relief. In the hands of Mr Kemble, Fazio appears entirely a different being—another Eugene Aram. A man of weakness, but yet redeemed in part by our sympathy in Bianca's love for him. Whatever she so ardently loved could not be altogether worthless, and thus in the development of the plot, Fazio evinces characteristics of excellence that veils in some degree his crimes, and renders Bianca's attachment for her husband not altogether unaccountable and unnatural. The part is not entirely suited to Mr Kemble but his mode of acting is so well calculated to enhance the interest and give scope and point to the striking passages in the play, that we doubt if any one could personate the character with any thing like the same effect.

But we have run before our story. The overture to Otello was played, and the curtain arose discovering both Father and Daughter seated in the study of an alchymist as husband and wife. The slightest glimpse of those well known features called forth a burst of rapturous greetings, that made "Old Drury" ring with welcomes. The compliment was felt and replied to most profoundly by both. The house then gradually hushed into silence as the silvery tones of that fair enchanter rose like softest music, and won all hearts even by its very tenderness. Those who have not heard Miss Kemble, can have no conception of the influence her voice and its melodious cadences exercise over the feelings of the audience. To be sure it is [illegible] with a little monotony, but then it finds its way to the heart so effectively, that there is no resisting its witching power. A blind man would be enraptured, for it is not her smile, nor the blandishments of a doating wife, nor her graceful attitudes, nor her inimitable gestures that so triumphantly transports all hearts. It is her voice more than all these put together. From the first to the last scene the effect was the same.

We have never seen a more sublime exhibition of passion than Miss Kemble's Bianca, and we can never expect to. 'Tis bootless to enumerate the points in this thrilling tragedy or to single out passages of superlative merit. *Every scene* tells and strikes home with a power that is irresistible.

From some cause the audience at this theatre have become chary of their applause. Surely it is not that they are not pleased. It is easier to suppose they are so lost in the bewilderment of their senses that they forget this expression of their gratitude and admiration. The opposite fault has been so freely condemned, and the ill-timed bursts of applause are so instantly hissed into silence, that two-thirds of the house have ceased to applaud at any time. That is, they do not clap their hands nor throw up their caps. But for our single selves, we think there is a species of approbation that is quite as flattering and a hundred times more sincere, which can be witnessed whenever Miss Kemble is portraying a scene of passion, and which to her must be quite intelligible—it is a *dead silence*. However we will not attempt to check any expression of admiration which is so popular, and which is supposed to be so requisite to elicit the utmost exertions of an actor.

THE AMERICAN.

Mr. HAMBLIN has introduced at this Theatre "an entirely new nautical drama," called Casco Bay, which has given general satisfaction. This play is full of spirit-stirring scenes, both in the tragic and comic line, but is by no means as popular as the "Cradle of Liberty." Many of the fighting scenes were pretty fair illustrations of what was going on out doors, and were attended by nearly the same consequences,—the huzzas of the multitude, and the discomfiture of the parties.

The drama of the White Eagle is a most favorite afterpiece at this house, and Miss Waring, as Hazzi Lauzo [?] elicits the warmest applause. She is fast gaining favor with the public, and will eventually become what her friends have anticipated, a graceful and clever actress.

We were glad to see Miss VINCENT announced to make her next appearance in the Drama of Catherine of Cleves. On Thursday she appeared and it was a most clever and effective performance. Whatever this talented "fairy of the Bowery" attempts in earnest, can hardly fail of being worthy of the high reputation she has already attained, and as Catherine of Cleves she more than fulfils our highest expectations. It will be repeated, and must add another to Miss Vincent's list of favorite characters. We invite our friends to witness it, and we are persuaded they will thank us for reminding them of such a treat.

Mr. Hamblin must not remit his exertions while he has to contend with the powerful attractions at the Richmond Hill and at the Park. His disappointment occasioned by Mr. Booth's illness should be remedied by engaging others of the various stars that are now within his reach. Our country never possessed as much theatrical talent as at this moment, and nothing short of the utmost liberality in our Managers will be satisfactory to our generously patronising community.

A writer in the London Literary Gazette furnishes an occasional article, entitled "A New Dictionary of the English Language." Some of the definitions prove the author to be the prince of lexicographers. There is a Lacon-like poignancy about the following, which is not to be resisted:—

Abuse—The reward of the eminent and the notorious.
Criticism—Private malevolence under the cloak of public watchfulness.
Personalities—The resource of a baffled controversialist.
[illegible]—The tritest of all similes.
Pride—The incentive of strong minds,—the destruction of weak.
Invective—A bait wherewith the rabble are caught.
Procrastination—The canker of the soul.
Reading—The cheapest and most lasting of all pleasures.

Two schooners arrived at New-Orleans from Tampico, with $100,000 in specie.

The Mechanics' Bank at Alexandria, D. C. has suspended payment.

The Parliament of Upper Canada commenced its session on the 31st of Oct.

Paris at this moment abounds with a vast number of professional men; there are 1523 printers, draftsmen, and lithographers, 151 sculptors, 310 engravers, 480 architects, 715 distinguished composers and teachers of music, 1595 instrumental musicians, 1500 [illegible] of inferior rank; total 5844 [?].

A plan has been suggested in England for [illegible] from each other, [illegible] the occupants of each [illegible] to pay their rent by keeping a mite [illegible].

There are fourteen hundred and ninety-two Post Masters in the state of New York, whose aggregate receipts are 312,000 dollars per annum.

The steamboat Monticello, Capt. Patterson, on her way down to New-Orleans, on the 4th ult. collapsed her flue. One or two lives were lost.

THE CAPE DE VERD SUFFERERS.—We are happy to state that the collections taken up in many of our churches last Sabbath for the relief of the Cape de Verd sufferers, have appeared to the committee sufficient to authorize the purchase of 500 barrels of flour and meal, the freight of which to the Cape de Verds was offered by Messrs. Spofford, Tileston & Co. free of expense, and that it has been purchased accordingly. In a number of the churches it was found more convenient to postpone the collection until next Sabbath.—*Jour. of Com.*

A man named Hog, being condemned for murder, by Lord Bacon, humbly implored his mercy [illegible] observing it was not unlikely he might be a distant relation, from the similarity of their names. "No, no," said his lordship, "that can never be; at any rate Hog is not Bacon till it is hanged, so you must be hung before you can claim kindred with me."

OUTRAGE.—A most diabolical attempt was made to assassinate Capt. Laines, port warden at the Basin Carondelet, on Wednesday evening. As this gentleman was walking down the canal, a short distance from the basin, two pistols were suddenly discharged at his breast but happily without effect, by a person concealed behind some bricks. In the confusion Capt. Laines, while drawing the sword from his cane, fell into one of those holes that have been made by the travelling of the horses on the margin of the canal. While in this situation the assassin that had attempted to shoot him, began to beat Capt. L. upon the head with the butt of a pistol and a brick—but being seized by the leg the ruffian was thrown into the canal, where he was picked up by a boat and rowed to the lower side of the canal. A horse was there in readiness, and upon him the assassin made his escape. The circumstances combined—the attack—the boat—the horse—all bespeak a premeditated assassination which was only frustrated by the superior strength of the intended victim. But besides these, a placard was posted up in the neighborhood, a day or two previous, "inviting Frenchmen and dogs to attend the funeral of Capt. Laines to-morrow morning." Suspicion we learn already points to a Captain Lee, as the perpetrator of the foul deed. Captain Laines is very seriously wounded in the head.—*New Orleans Bee.*

The following item is from a lawyer's bill, supplied by a firm in Red Lion square, London.—"for calling on Mr. ——, but, unfortunately, did not find him at home 6s 8d." The same *unfortunate* circumstance also occurs five times in as many days.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—One of the most *capital errors* ever made by a printer, was committed by a now extinct journal, in an advertisement of a brass founder, who having described the various works performed in his shop, was made to say in an N. B. "All *others* (orders) in the above business will be thankfully and promptly executed!"

SPORTING VARIETIES.

FAIRFIELD RACES.

FIRST DAY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 30.—A Colt Sweepstake, two mile heats, $200 entrance, half forfeit. Ten subscribers—five paid forfeit. The following is the result:

W. M. West's b. c. Sir Walter	1	1
J. M. Botts' br. c. Douglas	4	2
D. H. Branch's b. c. Tobacconist	5	3
J. J. Harrison's ch. c. by Sir Archie	2	4
J. Minge's bl. c. Black Hawk	3	5

Time 1st heat, 3m. 55s.—3m. 59s.

Tobacconist the favorite against the field. Won easily by Sir Walter. The second heat hard in hand.

SECOND DAY.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31.—Proprietors' Purse, $300, two mile heats.

I. Puckett's g. f. Mary Randolph, 3 years old	1	1
W. H. Minge's b. h. May-Day, by Sir Archie, 6 years old	4	2
T. Loswell's g. h. Traffic, by Sir Charles, 5 years old	2	3
R. Adams' ch. f. Pet, by Gohanna, 3 years old	3	dis.
J. J. Harrison's b. h. Tam o'Shanter, 3 years old	5	dis.

Time, 1st heat, 3m. 55s.—2d do. 3m. 54s.

Mary Randolph, the favorite, two to one against the field. The second heat was well contested and won by about two lengths.

THIRD DAY.

The race this day was one of the most interesting that has been witnessed on the Course since it has been re-opened. The following horses started for the purse of $800, four mile heats.

J. J. Harrison's Goliah	1	2	1
W. H. Minge's I. C.	4	1	2
W. R. Johnson's Andrew	2	3	3
J. Minge's Eliza Reilley	3	4	4
H. Mecklin's Jane Shore	5	5	5
H. Davis's Dolly Dixon	6	6	6

First Heat.—Eliza Reilley got the start, and kept it until she reached the gaol in the third mile, when she was passed by Goliah and Andrew, who kept it throughout, locking each other for some distance, when Goliah took the lead, and won the heat by about eighteen inches.

Time, 8m. 6s.

Second Heat.—I. C. took the lead, and owing to some inadvertence in the riders of Andrew and Goliah, was suffered to get so far ahead that they found it useless to contend, and held back for the third, letting I. C. win it with ease. After the heat was run, it was discovered that Andrew was lame in his right hind leg, and some fears were entertained that he was seriously injured.

Time, 8m. 14s.

Third Heat.—Goliah got the start, followed closely by I. C. and Andrew; the former contending for the heat in beautiful style, and was beaten by about a length only.

Time, 8m. 9s.

There has seldom been seen so much interest evinced in any race as we have seen in this. The knowing ones were betting before the last heat two to one on Andrew against the field; but, so soon as the heat was won by Goliah, some *five* were trying to *hedge in*; the majority seem satisfied with the bets they had made on him, and a few offered to bet *five* to *four* on Andrew, against the field; but Goliah was too much for him.

A trotting match took place last week at the Hunting Park Course, near Philadelphia—Colt Purse, $200. One mile and repeat—won in two heats by a grey filly, time of first heat, 2m. 59s. 2d heat not ascertained.

Communication.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

SIR,—By inserting the following account of a Trotting Match at the Sand Hills, N. J. Nov. 3, 1832, for the Proprietor's purse, in your paper, will confer a favor on a number of your patrons. The following are the names of the horses entered for the purse:

Col. Johnson (of N. J.) g. h. Hazard,
Mr. Langstreth, ch. m. Miss Pry,
Mr. Gingling, g. h. House o' Fire.
Mr. Jaques, g. m. Hannah Miller.
W. R. Jaques, b. m. Snow Storm.

First Heat.—Started in good style. Hazard leading the first half mile, when he unfortunately stumbled, and could not recover. Heat won by Miss Pry apparently easy.

Time, 2m. 53s. Course a little short of a mile.

Second Heat.—Miss Pry took the lead—the dust being prodigiously high is supposed to have been passed about half way by Hannah Miller, who gained the heat by a half neck only.

Time, 2m. 49s.

Third Heat.—Hannah Miller won the heat in fine style, beating Miss Pry without difficulty.

Time, 2m. 51s.

Considerable quantity of money changed owners on the result of the race. Hazard was the favorite at first, and odds were bet in his favor, but owing to superior horsemanship, Hannah Miller succeeded in obtaining the purse.

Yours, A SUBSCRIBER.
Sand Hills, N. J. Nov. 6, 1832.

TROTTING MATCHES.

HUNTING PARK COURSE.—Thursday, October 18th, 1832, being the day appointed for the first day's fall trotting upon the Hunting Park Association course, the following horses started for the purse of $200, two mile heats, to the saddle:

Sally Miller, entered by John Nagle, rode by M. Vanderbelt.
Columbus, entered by Peter Whelan, rode by M. Whelan.
Comet, entered by George Woodruff, rode by Spicer.

When, upon the trial of speed, Columbus succeeded in winning the first and second heats, after a very hard contest. This was one of the most splendid trials of speed in trotting that was ever witnessed on this, or perhaps any other course,—Columbus and Sally Miller contending on both heats side and side; and, what is a little remarkable, neither of the horses breaking from their trot in either heat.

Time—first heat, 5m. 22s., second, 5m. 21s.

Immediately after the saddle trot, the following horses started to trot three mile heats, to sulkey, for the association purse of $200:

Screwdriver, (New-York horse) driven by Mr. Conkling.
Macduff, (N. Y. horse) driven by Mr. Clintock.
Moonshine, (Philad. h.) driven by Whelan.
Pickle, (do. do.) driven by Woodruff.

Upon the trial of speed to sulkeys, Screwdriver succeeded in winning the first heat in a handsome manner, distancing Moonshine and Pickle, trotting his three miles in 8m. 18s. When they started for the second heat they went off in good style but it was very evident to the judges and bystanders that there was some foul play, as Screwdriver could pass his opponent upon any part of the track, and then the driver would pull up, and let the horse Macduff lap and pass him, so as to give Macduff the second heat: it was so notorious that the judges decided, that unless the drivers, upon the third heat, would resign their seats, and let the judges appoint two in their places, that neither of the two horses should start for the third heat, and, of course, the purse would be retained by the association. They declined doing so, and the contest remained with each horse winning a heat.* There was no doubt remaining with the judges and bystanders but that the second heat was thrown away by Screwdriver, as the time would answer for it, there being a difference of twenty seconds from the first heat. Macduff's time of trotting second heat, 8m. 38s.

Friday, October 19, being the day appointed for the second day's trotting, when the following horses started to trot three mile heats, to the saddle, for a purse of $300:

Comet, rode by James Hammill, Jr.
Chancellor, rode by Mr. Duffy.
Jerry, rode by Whelan.
Lady Jackson, rode by Vanderbelt.
Collector, rode by Woodruff.

When Jerry succeeded in winning the first heat in 8m. 20s., distancing Chancellor; and on starting for the second heat, Jerry became so lame that the driver deemed it most prudent to stop him, which of course rendered him a distanced horse, Lady Jackson winning the second heat, closely contested by Comet. Comet being drawn, after the second heat, the contest lay between Lady Jackson and Collector,—Lady Jackson winning with tolerable ease.

Time—first heat, 8m. 20s; second, 8m. 28s.; third, 8m. 29s.

Immediately after the above trot came off, the following stallions, which had never trotted for a purse before, and both being green horses, started to trot two mile heats, for a purse of $200:

Brickmaker, rode by M. Woodruff.
Fag Down, rode by Vanderbelt.

Upon the first trial of speed with stallions on this course, Brickmaker succeeded in winning the first and second heats with tolerable ease.

Time—first heat, 6m. 30s; second, 6m. 23s.—*American Turf Register.*

* Screwdriver's rider agreed to the decision of the judges, but Macduff's would not.

THE FIRST OATH.—My lads, said a captain, when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter deck, to take command of a ship, there is one law I am determined to make, and I shall insist upon its being kept; indeed it is a favor which I ask of you, and which as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen.—What say you my lads, are you willing to grant your new captain one favor? Aye, aye, cried all hands, let's know what it is, sir. Well, my lads, said the captain, it is this: that you must allow me to swear the first oath in the ship. No man on board must swear an oath before I do; I am determined to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board. What say you, my lads, will you grant me this favor? The men stared, and stood for a moment, quite at a loss what to say. They were taken says one, "all aback." They were brought up says another, "all standing."—The captain reiterated: now, my fine fellows, what do you say; am I to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board? The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company announced, aye, aye, sir, with their accustomed three cheers. The effect was good—swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.—*English paper.*

ACUTENESS OF HEARING IN ANIMALS.—Cats and dogs can hear the movements of their prey at incredible distances, and that even in the midst of noise, which we should have thought would have overpowered such effects. Rabbits, when alarmed, forcibly strike the earth with their feet, by the vibrations of which they communicate their apprehensions to burrows very remote. As an instance of the discriminating power of the ear of the elephant, we may mention a circumstance that occurred in the memorable conflict of shooting the maddened elephant at Exeter Change. "After the soldiers had discharged thirty balls, he stooped and deliberately sunk on his haunches. Mr. Herring, conceiving that a shot had struck him in a vital part, cried out, 'he's down, boys! he's down!' and so he was only for a moment.—He leapt up with renewed vigor, and at least eighty balls were successively discharged at him from different positions before he fell a second time. Previous to this he had nearly brought down the building of Exeter Change by his furious lunges, flying round the den with the speed of a race horse. In the midst of the crash of timber and the halloing of the assailants, he recognised the voice of the keeper in his usual cry, '*Chunee bite, Chunee bite!*' which was his command to kneel, and the noble beast actually knelt and received a volley of balls that terminated his suffering."—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

THE RUSSIAN NERO, NICHOLAS I.—What epithet could indignation, or hatred, or scorn, furnish sufficiently expressive of the enormities of this man? Youth, old age, and innocence, fall equally before his ruthless barbarity. He has already transported to the wilds of Siberia, or ordered to be butchered in savage revenge, 20,000 children: thus hellishly blasting in the bud the future hopes of Poland, and whetting his brutal vengeance by the blood of her gallant nobles. Out of the group of the hideous images that this cruel man's atrocities call up to the mind, I will take one. The wife of Gen. Roenstein had two children, her only hope and fortune. Their father had nothing to leave them, but the inheritance of his patriotism, his bravery, and his virtue. She memorialized the emperor, that they should not be torn from her,—her prayer was rejected. She then implored, in the name of human nature and the God of mercy, that one at least, the younger, might be left to her; she was again repulsed with a savage threat. The miserable mother, bereft of all earthly comfort, kissed her child, and in a delirium of despair grasped a dagger and plunged it to its heart.—*Mr. O'Connell's Speech at the Hackney Reform Dinner.*

From the New-York American.

LINES—*To her who will understand them.*

"A place in thy memory, dearest,
And a share in each smile,
And believe me, wherever thou steerest,
I'll be after thee—after a while."

I have mark'd thee, when coxcombs were trying
To deafen thine ears with their prose
And marking, have thought, even sighing,
Of a fog laying siege to a rose.

But the rose from her foggy annoyance
Shrinks droopingly, palely away,
Reserving her beauty and joyance
For the radiant noon of the day.

But none on thy cheek can discover
If thou hast a preference too—
There's a smile for the dunce and the lover,
Alike if they bore thee, or woo.

Sometimes thy eternal flirtations
Too severely my constancy try—
I renounce [illegible] patience,
And valiantly turn me, and fly.

But as Noah's stray dove, when despairing
Of a resting place out of his bark,
Came again, like a suppliant, bearing
An olive branch back to the ark,—

Even so, after each ebullition
Of petulance, still to my chain
I return, with the sighs of submission,
And ask but to wear it again.

"A place in thy memory, dearest,
And a share in each smile,
And believe me, wherever thou steerest,
I'll be after thee—after a while."

COUNT PIPER

BILLY BLACK'S LAST.—Why is Mr. Forrest like his favorite Metamora? Do ye give it up? Because he's the son of a Forrest.

A DELICATE APPETITE.—A Jesuit one day found an old woman in extreme old age, and almost at the point of death. Having catechised her, instructed her, as he conceived, into the nature of Christianity, and completely taken care of her soul, he began to inquire whether there was any kind of food which she could eat. "Grandam," said he, (that being the word of courtesy by which it was usual to address old women) "if I were to get you a little sugar now, or a mouthful of some of our nice things which we get from beyond the sea, do you think you could eat it?" "Ah, my grandson," said the convert, "my stomach goes against every thing: there is but one thing which I think I could touch. If I had the little head of a little Tapua boy, I think I could pick the little bones; but woe is me, there is nobody to go out and shoot one for me."

[This story, from *Southey's Brazil*, alludes to the early settlement of Jesuit missionaries in S. America, when they found the Indians with an almost incurable attachment to cannibalism.]

ver express the feelings in the tones of the heart, but learn the unvarying, measured, monotonous accents of fashion, should hear Miss Kemble to know what the human voice is. She has a tone for every feeling—from the buoyancy of joy to the plaintiveness of sorrow—from the full accents of command to the broken murmurings of entreaty. All these, however, are professional merits, in which she may be rivalled by her professional competitors—it is in the general conception and portraiture of her parts that her *genius* is best displayed. In this particular, she is not only faultless but *inspired*. Parts the most leaden are now enlivened; the coldest become instinct with passion; and the beholder wonders that he weeps now over that which could never move before. Her beauty, her grace, the melody of her voice, the elegance of her attitudes—*all are lost* sight of, and the soul follows her spell-bound through her part, forgetful of her art, and almost unconscious of its own emotion. This is her great merit. Every part she plays is effective. Even Julia, in the Hunchback, melts the whole audience into tears. If frigid, it is warmed; if exaggerated, it is reduced: its discrepancies are reconciled, and its deficiencies filled up, by her genius. She considers what the character should be, and she makes it so. In no part does she allow it to falter. Others are successful in depicting particular passions—she takes the *whole heart*, strikes every chord, and illustrates every feeling. Whatever she is called upon to personate she *realizes*, until we acknowledge that none could do it as she has, and suspect that to be her peculiar power. The next transition undeceives us. We follow her through every path of the drama, and acknowledge her unrivalled—the mistress of every avenue of the heart."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Belgium & Holland.—The King of Holland has refused to accept the last conditions of the London Conference, in relation to the settlement of the affairs between his kingdom and that of Belgium. It is supposed the King relies on the assistance of Austria and Prussia, and somewhat on Russia. On the other hand the French and British Cabinets have the strongest inducements to support the throne of Leopold. Any offensive movement on either side would probably involve Europe in a general war. The Dutch army is described as being most formidable both in numbers and discipline.

Spain.—The death of the King of Spain, which now seems placed beyond a doubt, is an event pregnant with interesting consequences. He leaves but one child, a daughter, still an infant. By an ancient law of the Kingdom, no female can inherit the throne; this law he abrogated. Will his brother Don Carlos, to whom the crown would otherwise of right descend, quietly submit to be thus deprived of it? Our next accounts will probably throw some light on this subject.

Portugal.—Gibraltar papers contain intelligence that there several attacks had been made upon Oporto by the troops of Don Miguel, who were each time repulsed with heavy losses. An engagement had taken place between the fleets, in which a frigate, a sloop of war, and a royal steamer belonging to Don Miguel's squadron were sunk.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK.

After an absence of some weeks Mr. and Miss Kemble have returned to our city, and have again appeared at this Theatre. The impression which they created during their first engagement was of that character to insure them the warmest welcome on their return. At an early hour the house was crowded with a most fashionable audience and the Pit exhibited symptoms of impatience to express their delight at again beholding these distinguished illustrators of the Drama.

Milman's tragedy of Fazio was selected for the occasion,—Mr. Kemble playing Fazio for the first time. It was in this powerfully written play that Miss Kemble made her debut before an American audience, and well do we recollect the impression she produced. On the first representation Miss Kemble was miserably supported, and we then imagined that Fazio was a most subordinate character, from which the tender, impassioned Bianca stood out in bold relief. In the hands of Mr. Kemble, Fazio appears entirely a different being—another Eugene Aram. A man of weakness, but yet redeemed in part by our sympathy in Bianca's love for him. Whatever she so ardently loved could not be altogether worthless, and thus in the development of the plot, Fazio evinces characteristics of excellence that veils in some degree his crimes, and renders Bianca's attachment for her husband not altogether unaccountable and unnatural. The part is not entirely suited to Mr. Kemble, but his mode of acting is so well calculated to enhance the interest and give scope and point to the striking passages in the play, that we doubt if any one could personate the character with any thing like the same effect.

But we have run before our story. The overture to Otello was played, and the curtain arose discovering both Father and Daughter seated in the study of an alchymist as husband and wife. The slightest glimpse of those well-known features called forth a burst of rapturous greetings, that made "Old Drury" ring with welcomes. The compliment was felt and replied to most profoundly by both. The house then gradually hushed into silence as the silvery tones of that fair enchanter rose like softest music, and won all hearts e'en by its very tenderness. Those who have not heard Miss Kemble, can have no conception of the influence her voice and its melodious cadences exercise over the feelings of the auditor. To be sure it sometimes is chargeable with a little monotony, but then it finds its way to the heart so effectively, that there is no resisting its witching power. A blind man would be enraptured, for it is not her smile, nor the blandishments of a doating wife, nor her graceful attitudes, nor her inimitable gestures that so triumphantly transports all hearts. It is her voice more than all these put together. From the first to the last scene the effect was the same.

We have never seen a more sublime exhibition of passion than Miss Kemble's Bianca, and we can never expect to. 'Tis bootless to enumerate the points in this thrilling tragedy or to single out passages of superlative merit. *Every scene* tells, and strikes home with a power that is irresistible.

From some cause the audience at this theatre have become chary of their applause. Surely it is not that they are not pleased. It is easier to suppose they are so lost in the bewilderment of their senses that they forget this expression of their gratitude and admiration. The opposite fault has been so freely condemned, and the ill-timed bursts of applause are so instantly hissed into silence, that two thirds of the house have ceased to applaud at any time. That is, they do not clap their hands nor throw up their caps. But for our single selves, we think there is a species of approbation that is quite as flattering and a hundred times more sincere, which can be witnessed whenever Miss Kemble is portraying a scene of passion, and which to her must be quite intelligible—it is a *dead silence*. However we will not attempt to check any expression of admiration, which is so popular, and which is supposed to be so requisite to elicit the utmost exertions of an actor.

THE AMERICAN.

Mr. Hamblin has introduced at this Theatre "an entirely new nautical drama," called Casco Bay, which has given general satisfaction. This play is full of spirit-stirring scenes, both in the tragic and comic line, but is by no means as popular as the "Cradle of Liberty." Many of the fighting scenes were pretty fair illustrations of what was going on out doors, and were attended by nearly the same consequences,—the huzzas of the multitude, and the discomfiture of the parties.

The drama of the White Eagle is a most favorite afterpiece at this house, and Miss Waring, as Hazzi Lotzo elicits the warmest applause. She is fast gaining favor with the public, and will eventually become what her friends have anticipated, a graceful and clever actress.

We were glad to see Miss Vincent announced to make her next appearance in the Drama of Catherine of Cleves. On Thursday she appeared and it was a most clever and effective performance. Whatever this talented "fairy of the Bowery" attempts in earnest, can hardly fail of being worthy of the high reputation she has already attained, and as Catherine of Cleves she more than fulfils our highest expectations. It will be repeated, and must add another to Miss Vincent's list of favorite characters. We invite our friends to witness it, and we are persuaded they will thank us for reminding them of such a treat.

Mr. Hamblin must not remit his exertions while he has to contend with the powerful attractions at the Richmond Hill and at the Park. His disappointment occasioned by Mr. Booth's illness should be remedied by engaging others of the various stars that are now within his reach. Our country never possessed as much theatrical talent as at this moment, and nothing short of the utmost liberality in our Managers will be satisfactory to our generously patronising community.

A writer in the London Literary Gazette furnishes an occasional article, entitled "A New Dictionary of the English Language." Some of the definitions prove the author to be the prince of lexicographers. There is a Lacon-like poignancy about the following which is not to be resisted:—

Abuse—The reward of the eminent and the notorious.
Criticism—Private malevolence under the cloak of public watchfulness.
Personalities—The resource of a baffled controversialist.
Oasis—The tritest of all similes.
Pride—The incentive of strong minds,—the destruction of weak.
Invective—A bait wherewith the rabble are caught.
Procrastination—The canker of the soul.
Reading—The cheapest and most lasting of all pleasures.

Two schooners arrived at New-Orleans from Tampico, with $100,000 in specie.

The Mechanics' Bank in Alexandria, D. C. has suspended payment.

The Parliament of Upper Canada commenced its session on the 31st of Oct.

Paris at this moment abounds with a vast number of professional men; there are 1523 printers, draftsmen, and lithographers. 151 sculptors. 310 engravers. 180 architects. 315 distinguished composers and professors of music. 1595 instrumental musicians, 1500 do. of inferior rank; total 5804.

A plan has been suggested in England for building coffee-houses at a mile distant from each other, on the principal highways, the occupants of each of which are to pay their rent by keeping a mile of road in repair.

There are fourteen hundred and ninety-two Post Masters in the state of New York, whose aggregate receipts are 312,000 dollars per annum.

The steamboat Monticello, Capt. Patterson, on her way down to New-Orleans, on the 4th ult. collapsed her flue. One or two lives were lost.

The Cape de Verd Sufferers.—We are happy to state that the collections taken up in many of our churches last Sabbath for the relief of the Cape de Verd sufferers, have appeared to the committee sufficient to authorize the purchase of 500 barrels of flour and meal, the freight of which to the Cape de Verds was offered by Messrs. Spofford, Tileston & Co. free of expense, and that it has been purchased accordingly. In a number of the churches, it was found more convenient to postpone the collection until next Sabbath.—*Jour. of Com.*

A man named Hog, being condemned for murder, by Lord Bacon, humbly implored his mercy by a little ill timed wit, observing it was not unlikely he might be a distant relation, from the similarity of their names. 'No, no,' said his lordship, 'that can never be; at any rate Hog is not Bacon till it is hanged, so you must be hung before you can claim kindred with me.'

Outrage.—A most diabolical attempt was made to assassinate Capt. Laines, port warden at the Basin Carondelet, on Wednesday evening. As that gentleman was walking down the canal, a short distance from the basin, two pistols were suddenly discharged at his breast but happily without effect, by a person concealed behind some bricks. In the confusion Capt. Laines, while drawing the sword from his cane, fell into one of those holes that have been made by the travelling of the horses on the margin of the canal. While in this situation the assassin that had attempted to shoot him, began to beat Capt. L. upon the head with the butt of a pistol and a brick—but being seized by the leg the ruffian was thrown into the canal, where he was picked up by a boat and rowed to the lower side of the canal. A horse was there in readiness, and upon him the assassin made his escape. The circumstances combined—the attack—the boat—the horse—all bespeak a premeditated assassination which was only frustrated by the superior strength of the intended victim. But besides these, a placard was posted up in the neighborhood, a day or two previous, "inviting Frenchmen and dogs to attend the funeral of Capt. Laines to-morrow morning." Suspicion we learn already points to a Captain Lee as the perpetrator of the foul deed. Captain Laines is very seriously wounded in the head.
New Orleans Bee.

The following item is from a lawyer's bill, supplied by a firm in Red Lion square, London: "for calling on Mr —— but, unfortunately, did not find him at home, 6s. 8d." The same *unfortunate* circumstance also occurs five times in as many days.

Typographical Errors.—One of the most *capital errors* ever made by a printer, was committed by a now extinct journal, in an advertisement of a brass founder, who having described the various work performed in his shop, was made to say in an "N. B." "All *others* (orders) in the above business will be thankfully and promptly executed."

SPORTING VARIETIES.

FAIRFIELD RACES.

FIRST DAY.

Tuesday, Oct. 30.—A Colt Sweepstake, two mile heats, $200 entrance, half forfeit. Ten subscribers—five paid forfeit. The following is the result:

W. M. West's b. c. Sir Walter,	1	1
J. M. Botts' br. c. Douglas,	4	2
D. H. Branch's b. c. Tobacconist,	5	3
J. J. Harrison's ch. c. by Sir Archie,	2	4
J. Minge's bl. c. Black Hawk,	3	5

Time 1st heat, 3m. 55s.—3m. 59s.

Tobacconist the favorite against the field. Won easily by Sir Walter. The second heat hard in hand.

SECOND DAY.

Wednesday, Oct. 31.—Proprietors' Purse, $300, two mile heats.

I. Puckett's g. f. Mary Randolph, 3 years old,	1	1
W. H. Minge's b. h. May-Day, by Sir Archie, 6 years old,	4	2
T. Loswell's g. h. Traffic, by Sir Charles, 5 years old,	2	3
R. Adams' ch. f. Pet, by Gohanna, 3 years old,	3	dis.
J. J. Harrison's b. H. Tam o'Shanter, 3 years old,	5	dis.

Time, 1st heat, 3m. 55s.—2d do. 3m. 54s.

Mary Randolph, the favorite, two to one against the field. The second heat was well contested and won by about two lengths.

THIRD DAY.

The race this day was one of the most interesting that has been witnessed on the Course since it has been re-opened. The following horses started for the purse of $800, four mile heats:—

J. J. Harrison's Goliah,	1	2	1
W. H. Minge's I. C.	4	1	2
W. R. Johnson's Andrew,	2	3	3
J. Minge's Eliza Reilley,	3	4	4
H. Meeklin's Jane Shore,	5	5	5
H. Davis's Dolly Dixon,	6	6	6

First Heat.—Eliza Reilley got the start, and kept it until she reached the gaol in the third mile, when she was passed by Goliah and Andrew, who kept it throughout, locking each other for some distance, when Goliah took the lead, and won the heat by about eighteen inches.

Time, 8m. 6s.

Second Heat.—I. C. took the lead, and owing to some inadvertence in the riders of Andrew and Goliah, was suffered to get so far ahead that they found it useless to contend, and held back for the third, letting I. C. win it with ease. After the heat was run, it was discovered that Andrew was lame in his right hind leg, and some fears were entertained that he was seriously injured.

Time, 8m. 14s.

Third Heat.—Goliah got the start, followed closely by I. C. and Andrew; the former contending for the heat in beautiful style, and was beaten by about a length only.

Time, 8m. 9s.

There has seldom been seen so much interest evinced in any race as we have seen in this. The knowing ones were betting before the last heat two to one on Andrew against the field; but, so soon as the heat was won by Goliah, some few were trying to *hedge in*; the majority seem satisfied with the bets they had made on him, and a few offered to bet *five* to *four* on Andrew, against the field; but Goliah was too much for him.

A trotting match took place last week at the Hunting Park Course, near Philadelphia—Colt Purse, $300. One mile and repeat—won in two heats by a grey filly, time of first heat, 2m. 59s. 2d heat not ascertained.

Communication.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

Sir,—By inserting the following account of a Trotting Match at the Sand Hills, N. J. Nov. 3, 1832, for the Proprietor's purse, in your paper, will confer a favor on a number of your patrons. The following are the names of the horses entered for the purse:

Col. Johnson (of N. J.) g. h. Hazard,
Mr. Langstreth, ch. m. Miss Pry,
Mr. Gingling, g. h. House o' Fire,
Mr. Jaques, g. m. Hannah Miller,
W. R. Jaques, b. m. Snow Storm.

First Heat.—Started in good style, Hazard leading the first half mile, when he unfortunately stumbled, and could not recover. Heat won by Miss Pry apparently easy.

Time, 2m. 53s. Course a little short of a mile.

Second Heat.—Miss Pry took the lead—the dust being prodigiously high is supposed to have been passed about half way by Hannah Miller, who gained the heat by a half neck only.

Time, 2m. 49s.

Third Heat.—Hannah Miller won the heat in fine style, beating Miss Pry without difficulty.

Time, 2m. 51s.

Considerable quantity of money changed owners on the result of the race. Hazard was the favorite at first, and odds were bet in his favor, but owing to superior horsemanship, Hannah Miller succeeded in obtaining the purse.

Yours, A Subscriber.
Sand Hills, N. J. Nov. 6, 1832.

TROTTING MATCHES.

Hunting Park Course.—Thursday, October 18th, 1832, being the day appointed for the first day's fall trotting upon the Hunting Park Association course, the following horses started for the purse of $200, two mile heats, to the saddle:

Sally Miller, entered by John Nagle, rode by M. Vanderbelt.
Columbus, entered by Peter Whelan, rode by M. Whelan.
Comet, entered by George Woodruff, rode by Spicer.

When, upon the trial of speed, Columbus succeeded in winning the first and second heats, after a very hard contest. This was one of the most splendid trials of speed in trotting that was ever witnessed on this, or perhaps any other course.—Columbus and Sally Miller contending on both heats side and side; and, what is a little remarkable, neither of the horses breaking from their trot in either heat.

Time—first heat, 5m. 22s.; second, 5m. 21s.

Immediately after the saddle trot, the following horses started to trot three mile heats, to sulkey, for the association purse of $200:

Screwdriver, (New-York horse) driven by Mr. Conkling.
Macduff, (N. Y. horse) driven by Mr. Clintock.
Moonshine, (Philad. h.) driven by Whelan.
Pickle, (do. do.) driven by Woodruff.

Upon the trial of speed to sulkeys, Screwdriver succeeded in winning the first heat in a handsome manner, distancing Moonshine and Pickle, trotting his three miles in 8m. 18s. When they started for the second heat they went off in good style, but it was very evident to the judges and bystanders that there was some foul play, as Screwdriver could pass his opponent upon any part of the track, and then the driver would pull up, and let the horse Macduff lap and pass him, so as to give Macduff the second heat. It was so notorious that the judges decided, that unless the drivers, upon the third heat, would resign their seats, and let the judges appoint two in their places, that neither of the two horses should start for the third heat, and, of course, the purse would be retained by the association. They declined doing so, and the contest remained with each horse winning a heat.* There was no doubt remaining with the judges and bystanders but that the second heat was thrown away by Screwdriver, as the time would answer for it, there being a difference of twenty seconds from the first heat. Macduff's time of trotting second heat, 8m. 38s.

Friday, October 19, being the day appointed for the second day's trotting, when the following horses started to trot three mile heats, to the saddle, for a purse of $300:

Comet, rode by James Hymanill, Jr.
Chancellor, rode by Mr. Duffy.
Jerry, rode by Whelan.
Lady Jackson, rode by Vanderbelt.
Collector, rode by Woodruff.

When Jerry succeeded in winning the first heat in 8m. 10s., distancing Chancellor; and on starting for the second heat Jerry became so lame that the driver deemed it most prudent to stop him, which of course rendered him a distanced horse, Lady Jackson winning the second heat, closely contested by Comet. Comet being drawn, after the second heat, the contest lay between Lady Jackson and Collector,—Lady Jackson winning with tolerable ease.

Time—first heat, 8m. 20s.; second, 8m. 28s.; third, 8m. 29s.

Immediately after the above trot came off, the following stallions, which had never trotted for a purse before, and both being green horses, started to trot two mile heats, for a purse of $200:

Brickmaker, rode by M. Woodruff.
Fag Down, rode by Vanderbelt.

Upon the first trial of speed with stallions on this course, Brickmaker succeeded in winning the first and second heats with tolerable ease.

Time—first heat, 6m. 30s.; second, 6m. 23s.—*American Turf Register.*

* Screwdriver's rider agreed to the decision of the judges, but Macduff's would not.

The First Oath.—My lads, said a captain, when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter deck, to take command of a ship, there is one law I am determined to make, and I shall insist upon its being kept; indeed it is a favor which I ask of you, and which as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen.—What say you my lads, are you willing to grant your new captain one favor? Aye, aye, cried all hands, let's know what it is, sir. Well, my lads, said the captain, it is this—that you must allow me to swear the first oath in the ship. No man on board must swear an oath before I do; I am determined to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board. What say you, my lads, will you grant me this favor? The men stared, and stood for a moment, quite at a loss what to say. They were taken says one, "all aback." They were brought up says another, "all standing."—The captain reiterated, now, my fine fellows, what do you say; am I to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board? The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company announced, aye, aye, sir, with their accustomed three cheers. The effect was good—swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.—*English paper.*

Acuteness of Hearing in Animals.—Cats and dogs can hear the movements of their prey at incredible distances, and that even in the midst of noise, which we should have thought would have overpowered such effects. Rabbits, when alarmed, forcibly strike the earth with their feet, by the vibrations of which they communicate their apprehensions to burrows very remote. As an instance of the discriminating power of the ear of the elephant, we may mention a circumstance that occurred in the memorable conflict of shooting the maddened elephant at Exeter 'Change. After the soldiers had discharged thirty balls, he stooped and deliberately sunk on his haunches. Mr. Herring, conceiving that a shot had struck him in a vital part, cried out, "he's down, boys! he's down!" and so he was only for a moment.—He leapt up with renewed vigor, and at least eighty balls were successively discharged at him from different positions before he fell a second time. Previous to this he had nearly brought down the building of Exeter 'Change by his furious lunges, flying round in a den with the speed of a race horse. In the midst of the crash of timber and the bellowing of the assailants, he recognised the voice of the keeper in his usual cry, "*Chunee bite, Chunee bite!*" which was his command to kneel, and the noble beast actually knelt and received a volley of balls that terminated his suffering.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

The Russian Nero, Nicholas I.—What epithet could indignation or hatred, or scorn, furnish sufficiently expressive of the enormities of this man? Youth, old age, and innocence, fall equally before his ruthless barbarity. He has already transported to the wilds of Siberia, or ordered to be butchered in savage revenge, 20,000 children; thus hellishly blasting in the bud the future hopes of Poland, and whetting his brutal vengeance by the blood of her gallant nobles. Out of the group of the hideous images that this cruel man's atrocities call up to the mind, I will take one. The wife of Gen. Roenstein had two children, her only hope and fortune. Their father had nothing to leave them, but the inheritance of his patriotism, his bravery, and his virtue. She memorialized the emperor, that they should not be torn from her—her prayer was rejected. She then implored, in the name of human nature and the God of mercy, that one at least, the youngest, might be left to her; she was again repulsed with a savage threat. The miserable mother, bereft of all earthly comfort, kissed her child, and in a delirium of despair, grasped a dagger and plunged it to his heart.—*Mr. O'Connell's Speech at the Hackney Reform Dinner.*

From the New-York American.

LINES—*To her who will understand them.*

"A place in thy memory, dearest,
And a fitful share in each smile,
And believe me, wherever thou steerest,
I'll be after thee—after a while."

I have mark'd thee, when coxcombs were trying
To deafen thine ears with their prose,
And marking have thought, even sighing,
Of a fog laying siege to a rose.

But the rose from her foggy annoyance
Shrinks droopingly, pettily away,
Reserving her beauty and joyance
For the radiant noon of the day.

But none on thy cheek can discover
If thou hast a preference yet—
There's a smile for the dunce and the lover,
Alike if they bore thee, or woo.

Sometimes thy eternal flirtations
Too severely my constancy try—
I renounce [illegible] patience,
And valiantly turn me, and fly.

But as Noah's stray dove, when despairing
Of a resting place out of his bark,
Came again, like a supplicant bearing
An olive branch back to the ark,—

Even so, after each ebullition
Of petulence, still to my chain
I return, with the sighs of submission,
And ask but to wear it again.

"A place in thy memory, dearest,
And a fitful share in each smile,
And believe me, wherever thou steerest,
I'll be after thee—after a while."

COUNT PIPER.

Billy Black's Last.—Why is Mr. Forrest like his favorite Metamora? Do ye give it up? Because he's the son of a Forrest.

A Delicate Appetite.—A Jesuit one day found an old woman in extreme old age, and almost at the point of death. Having catechised her, instructed her, as he conceived, into the nature of Christianity, and completely taken care of her soul, he began to inquire whether there was any kind of food which she could eat. "Grandam," said he, (that being the word of courtesy by which it was usual to address old women) "if I were to get you a little sugar now, or a mouthful of some of our nice things which we get from beyond the sea, do you think you could eat it?" "Ah, my grandson," said the convert, "my stomach goes against every thing: there is but one thing which I think I could touch. If I had the little head of a little Tapua boy, I think I could pick the little bones; but woe is me, there is nobody to go out and shoot one for me."

[This story, from *Southey's Brazil*, alludes to the early settlement of Jesuit missionaries in S. America, when they found the Indians with an almost incurable attachment to cannibalism.]

Matrimonial Emblems.—We have often been amused at the various devices with which several of our cotemporaries ornament their hymenial departments. Thus, one of our exchange comes with a marriage-list preceded by a representation of two hearts, both pierced with one of Cupid's arrows,—the whole encircled with a wreath of roses, and attended by sundry other love inspiring emblems. This looks quite romantic, and is something of an inducement for one to perpetrate matrimony.

Another paper, however, and which, by the way, we strongly suspect to be edited by some "rusty old bachelor," who is far from being a believer in matrimonial felicity, precedes his hymenial record by a picture of a pair of mice in a trap! Think of that, ladies! *a pair of trapped mice!* One who would thus outrageously caricature matrimony ought himself to be "caught and caged," and to have his heart stuck full of Cupid's arrows, if indeed it is not impenetrable to such *soft* things.

But worse than this another editor and one who, we suppose, considers matrimony the very antipodes of happiness, shocks the sensitiveness of his readers by disfiguring that much read department with a cut representing an *amiable* couple in the act of hurling at each other's craniums sundry articles of household furniture, including the "three legged stool,"—the tables, chairs, &c., being in "due confusion all," look as if they had passed the ordeal of a whirlwind; while some half dozen ragged bipeds are peeping in trepidation from behind a door, whither they appear to have sought refuge.

We are quite at a loss to account for this diversity of opinion respecting matrimony, unless indeed, each one draws his conclusions from experience, in which case we admit that they must be the best judges.

Benedict Arnold.—The name of this miscreant was justly associated by our fathers with every thing sordid and unprincipled in man; and will go down to posterity as only another name for treason and corruption. When George III. introduced this man to the gallant Earl of Balcarras, the latter took no notice of Arnold, but turning briskly to his sovereign exclaimed, "What! that traitor, sire?" For this indignity he was challenged by Arnold, and received his fire without deigning to return it: but flung his loaded pistol at the traitor's head, saying, as he quitted the field, "I leave you to the hangman."

An Adventure.—We learn, from a source entitled to implicit confidence, that two young gentlemen of Montgomery county, a few evenings ago, started on an *Opossum hunt*, of course without fire arms. During their excursion they treed an animal, which at first they supposed to be a Wild Cat, and forthwith adopted some means to effect its capture. Being provided with axes, they soon felled the tree, which bringing their victim to the ground, they attacked it with stones and such other weapons as were within reach, and succeeded in killing it; when, to their great surprise they discovered it to be a full grown panther. It is probable that the panther was stunned by the fall of the tree, otherwise he had scarcely been so easily conquered—the young huntsmen, indeed, made a most fortunate escape, as in fair battle, it is probable that one or both of them would have been badly wounded, if not killed.—*Lynchburgh Virginian.*

Extract from "A Trip to Paris, in 1831."—I presume my readers are sufficiently acquainted with ornithology to be aware of the manner in which *doves fight*; and although few comparisons could be less felicitous than the likening of a "whiskered and mustachio'd" Frenchman to a dove, there is yet a comical resemblance in their incidental rencontres. These Parisian gentlemen are excessively irritable; a trivial cause brings forth their wrath in full blast: and when some one unwittingly gives, and another takes offence, they "they square off," six feet apart, and go at it—Crimination and recrimination, invective and retort fly between the combatants precisely like hot shot, and on an average the altercation lasts half an hour; after which, breath and wit being exhausted on both sides, they—quietly walk off satisfied with the oral castigation bestowed and received. There is something, doubtless, in the indecorum of such altercations, [illegible] but how two men can suffer personal abuse for a length of time, without coming to blows, I cannot conceive. The provocation to quarrel is little to the purpose. For a *faux pas* in passing a gentleman, such as will often occur in cities, (i. e. moving to right or left simultaneously with one you happen to confront, and thus dodge to one side and the other for a minute—the last of all things at which a reasonable man would take offence—for such a cause, a Frenchman has wheeled round and labored me with vituperation, till I have gone quite out of the reach of his voice. There is something so ludicrous in a man's flying into a perfect rage on such trifling ground, that I was always more disposed to laugh than do battle; and I was prompt in vacating the lists the moment I found that I had unconsciously entered them,—for nobody is a match for a Frenchman, in what is vulgarly called *jaw*, and no person with his senses about him would desire a street quarrel.

ALMOST COTCH'D.

Had not the truth of the axiom, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," been thoroughly drilled into us at school, every day's experience would convince us of its solidity. Those who have lately spotted the one to five, have already found out—what the moral of the following story goes to illustrate.

A wealthy farmer "down east" had a son who was always planning something that would, in his opinion, increase the revenue of the farm, and therefore make him a "bigger" man when his old dad's will and testament were made out. He was forever "saving at the spiggot and letting out at the bung-hole," a failing which is rather common among us [illegible].

One day, as the lowering heavens portended a coming storm, the old man said to his speculating son, "Jake, take them 'ere tarnal oxen down to water, and then go straight to the field, and rake up the hay, for them clouds look sort o' rainish."

Jake (as in duty bound) took the oxen to the stream over the limpid bosom of which stretched a rude log bridge. The thirsty herd soon lessened the distance between their noses and the water, and while they were luxuriating, Jake (from the bridge) espied a fine plump pickerel or pike weighing, according to his calculation, somewhere about nine or ten pounds. The fish seemed poised in its liquid element so steadily, that it appeared to be inanimate.

"That's a whapper," said Jake to himself, "now, I guess as how that 'ere critter would make a brekfast for all hands to-morrow morning, and save father lots of bacon and eggs. Golly! I wish I'd hook and bait. I'd show him a Yankee trick. I'll bet the thing's asleep—he lays there so quietly and nicely, one might almost pickle him alive."

"Jake!" bellowed the old man from the house, "stack that 'ere hay, the gust's a coming."

"Father's calling mighty fierce," continued the boy still gazing on the fish; "he don't know what's what. Now, if I'd that 'ere pickerel, I guess he wouldn't think much of the hay. I reckon 'twould weigh close on fourteen pounds. It's a whapping critter—must weigh twenty pounds. Why, tarnation take the varmint, he hav'nt stirred yet."

"Jake, go to work on that 'ere hay!" reiterated the father.

"Father's calling, and the rain's beginning to fall—I guess the pickerel's worth more than the hay. It's a brekfast for a member of Congress. I wish I'd hook and bait!—Dang it, I wish father'd stop making that noise, that fish will feed twenty men, and hay or no hay, I'll have it."

The rain began now to pour, and the old man continued his calls; but Jake, sure of his prey, poised his pitchfork steadily, and the while muttering, "breakfast for all hands—the bacon and eggs saved—hay lost." The double pronged harpoon flew into the crystal element—the bubbles rose—and the surface for a moment was perturbed, dark and muddy.

"Ha!—I've got the varmint!" exclaimed the boy, stooping down to witness the dying agonies of his victim, "we'll have a prime brekfast."

But the fish was gone! the mist passed from the rippling waters, and left nothing but the pitchfork sticking in the pebbly bottom.

"Tarnation take you!" exclaimed Jake, as he saw the pickerel darting down the stream, "I'm not sorry you're gone, for you're not worth the fat it would take to fry you."

Chinese Manners.—The Courier, a weekly journal printed at Canton and edited by Mr. Wood of the U. S. gives the following as traits in the Chinese character, not wholly new, but fully confirmed:

"The exercise of hospitality is not in China considered necessary to the same extent as in Europe. Much of this feeling of selfishness and solitary enjoyment is to be immediately traced to the peculiar forms of Chinese Education. One of the earliest precepts inculcated upon the youth of the Celestial Empire is, the paramount importance of strict attention to ceremonial observances.—The Chinese have very grave dissertations upon good manners, most elaborated treatises upon the management of fans, and laws not less irrevocable than those of the Medes and Persians, to regulate the precise quantity of civility which may be decorously expended upon individuals of particular ranks in society.—

"Women are never permitted to mingle in society; and in most cases the relative situations of husband and wife are more like those of master and servant. The Chinese ladies are perhaps more social in their dispositions than their unbending lords, and removed from the restraint which their husband's presence imposes, are more cheerful than is generally imagined. Men, on the contrary, when assembled together, are [illegible] studiously ceremonious, or else entirely freed from the slightest restraint, their orgies being of the most riotous and unlicensed kind. The flower boats upon the river are the scenes of these nocturnal debauches, or the floating gambling shops, which are constantly crowded with adventurers."

From the Dublin Penny Journal.

An Italian gentleman residing in Liverpool, who has politely informed us that he is a constant reader of our Journal, after a few very handsome post-paid compliments, has challenged us to produce in an Irish poetry a match to the following "Aria" from Metastasio:—

AMOR TIMIDO.

Placido zeffiretto,
Se trovi il caro oggetto,
Digli che sei sospiro,
Ma non gli dir di chi.
Limpido ruscelletto,
Se mai t' incontri in lei,
Dille che pianto sei,
Ma non le dir qual ciglio
Crescer ti fe' così.

TIMID LOVE.

Ah! gentle zephyr—ah! if e'er
Thou find the mistress of my heart,
Tell her thou art a sigh sincere,
But never say whose sigh thou art:
Ah! limpid rivulet, if e'er
Thy murmuring waters near her glide,
Say thou art swelled by many a tear,
But not whose eyes those tears supplied.

☞ Capt. Alden Partridge formerly of West Point, and more recently Principal of the United States Scientific and Military Academy at Middletown, Con. and Norwich, Vt. has been elected President of Jefferson College in the state of Mississippi.

We noticed in the Town House, in this town, a few days since, an advertisement to the following effect: "If the person who took an umbrella from the porch of a meeting house in this town does not return it—I shall have to buy another."—*Lowell Compend.*

Panchaud said of Mirabeau—"He is the first man in the world to speak on a question he knows nothing about." The French orator could be matched in the United States.

Mirabeau said to a bookseller's wife—"Madame le Jay, if probity did not exist, it should be invented as a means of growing rich."

"Insurrections are not to be arrested by words; and [illegible] under such circumstances, an exhortation ever succeeds, [illegible] when used only as a preamble to force."

"I repeat, that, what is granted through fear never satisfies: and they whom you think your concessions will disarm, acquire tenfold confidence and audacity."

Mirabeau remarked to the Duke of Orleans, "that as to mortals, nothing should be imputed to him, because he had lost his moral palate or sense, and could not distinguish good from evil." Many politicians seem to be in the same predicament. Talleyrand said of the same Duke—"He is the slop-pail or slush tub into which is thrown all the offal of the Revolution."

Return of Dr. Kirkland.—The learned Dr. Kirkland, formerly president of Harvard College, accompanied by his lady, reached this city yesterday morning, from a tour of nearly four years duration, through Europe, part of Africa, and Asia Minor. From every account, our travellers were highly distinguished by the learned in the various countries they visited. From France and England they passed into Italy, spent several months in that interesting country—visited the classic land of Greece—took shipping for Alexandria in Egypt, and went up the Nile as far as Cairo and the Pyramids. Returning to the sea shore, they took passage to Syria—visited Jerusalem—the Dead Sea, and were in Constantinople when Lord Strangford, by favor of the Sultan, was permitted to visit the inside of St. Sophia. Probably Dr. Kirkland and his lady are the only Americans who ever saw the inside of that celebrated edifice since the conquest of Stamboul by Mahomet II.

Our travellers then left the capital of the east—passed through Adrianope—crossed the Balkan, and reached Vienna, by travelling up the valley of the Danube. From thence they returned to France and England and have at length reached in safety their own country, in fine health, good spirits, and with materials sufficient to form a volume of travels the most interesting ever published in this country.—*N. Y. Globe.*

It will be perceived by the following article from the N. E. Galaxy, that the editor of that paper lashes in no measured terms the carmen of Montreal for the challenge inserted lately in this paper. The Galaxy, we think, has mistaken the object of the bet, which, instead of a *bona fide* challenge, we take to be a merited satire on the recklessness of the Montreal carmen.

Racing.—Of all the brutal exhibitions we have heard of, the "Grand Challenge" offered by the Montreal teamsters, or carters as they call themselves, certainly carries the palm. It is proposed to race six loaded carts through the streets of Montreal for $4,000 aside, care being taken not to let the public know when the match is to take place, less people who care more for their necks than they do for the breed of horses should get out of the way. Human life must indeed be held cheap by such ruffians who for the sake of a few paltry dollars could expose their fellow citizens to danger. Of their own necks it is of no consequence, the sooner they are broken the better we should think, for the rest of their countrymen. We trust that no Americans will be found contending with these desperadoes who advance it as a proof of their excellence, that they can "drive over any thing." The challengers should be driven like wild beasts to a cage and confined there until reason has once more resumed its sway.—*N. E. Galaxy.*

Preference of the Wolf for Human Flesh.—When the Momhookies build their houses which are in form like bee-hives and tolerably large, (often 18 or 20 feet in diameter) the floor is raised to the highest or back part of the house until within three or four feet of the front, where it suddenly terminates, leaving an area from thence to the wall, in which every night the calves are tied to protect them from the storm or wild beasts.

Now it would be natural to suppose, that should the wolf enter he would seize the first object of his prey, especially as the natives always lie with fire at their feet. But notwithstanding this the constant practice of this animal has been in every instance to pass by the calves in the area, and even by the fire, and to take the children from the mother's caress, and that in such a gentle and cautious manner, that the poor mother has been unconscious of her loss, until the cries of her little innocent have reached from without, when a close prisoner in the paws of the monster.

In looking over a file of the "*Emerald*," we stumbled on several original articles, which we shall take the liberty of transferring to our columns, through the selfish hope that they may be more extensively read. The following is one of them.—*Balt. Visiter.*

HUGH JACKSON, or STAGE EFFECT.

"How are the roads through Westchester county?—excuse my inquisitiveness,—I presume you are from the country—eh?" said a slim, genteelly shabby gentleman with a piebald cravat, to a neatly dressed country lad who sat in an eating-house, lazily munching the last morsel of a pigeon-pie; and whose good natured countenance was the very index of an honest heart.

"Westchester, did you say, sir?—I haint come that way." "Oh!—I beg pardon, I mean the Jersey roads." "I haint come that way neither," was the reply. "Well, well, excuse my freedom, my friend;—how do you like the North river boats?" "I never seed one." "Then I make bold to say you enjoyed yourself much in coming by the Philadelphia line." "Not I, sniggers; father, sister, and I came down Long Island sound in a real line packet,—and I was mighty sea-sick all along." "Oh, ah!" said the stranger, "then you're from Long Island?" "No I haint neither; I'm slap from Connecticut."

"Pray, my good friend, what may be your name?" "Hugh Jackson, sir—and what may be yours?" "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills my father feeds his—I beg pardon—I am the honourable Felix Flumgudget, member of Congress, sojourning in this city for a short time, and no common admirer of unsophisticated rusticity. Pray, have you finished your luncheon? excuse me, but I think we ought to be better acquainted. Here, waiter, two more pies, and some wine."

This prelude will suffice to give the reader an idea of honest Hugh's new and very particular friend; i.e. of the piebald cravat—the honourable Felix Flumgudget, member of ——the corps dramatique; another Jerry Didler, who thus introduced himself to a new subject to raise the wind upon.

It was near five o'clock in the afternoon; and Hugh and his new companion sat "cheerily pushing the bowl about." Occasionally the scintillations of wit which came from the stranger made Hugh Jackson's broad lips expand from ear to ear; but then again he would throw a cloud over all by wild starts, unintelligible speeches, and sweeping gestures, which so alarmed the countryman, that he sometimes slid sideway off his chair, and made an involuntary movement towards the door. But he of the piebald cravat would [illegible] with a pleasant tap on the shoulder and a hearty laugh. The wine flowed merrily; bottle after bottle rolled on the floor, as it were, bled to death; and the lamps were just beginning to twinkle in the streets when the mysterious stranger arose, and placing himself in a suitable attitude, exclaimed,

"Why, what care I?—If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites."

Having finished his speech, he made a stage exit, and left poor Hugh to settle with the bar-keeper. The youth's spirit arose with each new glass, and having paid the bill, he rushed, or rather staggered after the stranger, determining, if he were mortal flesh and bone "to pummel it out of his hide."—He encountered him at the door, and with a glow of honest indignation upon his countenance, thus accosted him, at the same time showing signs of hostility by rolling up the cuffs of his sleeves: "I say, mister honourable—you have served me unbecoming a gentleman, and"

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! let earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
——What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the Russian bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble:——
——Hence, horrible shadow,
Unreal mockery, hence."

The youth stood confounded; the pale gas flame fell upon the visage of the stranger as he spoke, and gave it so death-like an expression, that he seemed an unearthly being, a demon of the darkest order. Cold drops of sweat ran from Hugh's brow, his head became giddy, and with much effort he made out to follow the mysterious being, scarcely knowing what he did, through several small streets. The pursuit was vain; Hugh kept close to his heels, but in a dark and gloomy alley, the last glimpse he had of him, was at the moment he entered the cellar door beneath an extensive building.

Our hero felt his courage up, and determined to follow, though there still remained an unaccountable dizziness in his head, and a thousand dim lights danced before his vision. He opened the door through which the stranger had vanished, and feeling his way through a long damp passage, now and then faintly illuminated by pale, flickering lights, hanging "few and far between." Sometimes he turned to the right and sometimes to the left, until he became completely bewildered. Slowly he groped through total darkness; the walls were cold and humid, and not a sound could be heard above that of his own quick and tremulous breathing and an occasional hiccup. At length he came to a door through which a feeble light shone, scarcely enough to penetrate the horrid gloom of the cavern, for such Hugh was convinced it was. He descended a short flight of steps—and his hand fell upon something cold as stone;—it was a human skull! and his blood ran like an icy current through his veins, when he found that it lay upon a coffin. This was too much for the poor fellow; in agony of fear and perplexity, he rushed forward, his foot slipped and he fell into a dark hole, among rusty swords, daggers, &c. Whether through fright, or the effects of his late potent libations to the merry god,—there he lay,—physically overpowered and mentally bewildered. The horrors came upon him; cold drops bedewed his cheeks—his ears tingled—his lips quivered—and his eyes became weak with overstraining.

Of a sudden he heard a confused noise like a chaos of discordant sounds—gradually it became more pleasant, and his ears were enchanted with the softest harmony; numberless Æolian harps seemed to be singing together the sweetest numbers of heaven. Presently the music became wilder and more hurried, and continued so until something that sounded like a bell was heard—when it suddenly stopped. Then came the trial for the unhappy Hugh—loud peals of thunder shook the "vaulted roof," and by the dim light of the distant lamp, he beheld myriads of uncouth figures pass hastily along—some with tall conical hats, some with brooms, and some with long wands; his heart sunk within him, for he had often heard his old grandmother describe the wicked witches that were formerly so common in Connecticut. They vanished amidst the gloom, only to leave room for new and more appalling scenes. Two savage looking men sat near the lamp; they were both clad in a strange kind of uniform, wore steel caps, and shaggy beards. Hugh quaked to the very finger nails as he listened to the following conversation.

"Where is my dagger?—I hav'nt dyed it in blood yet." "I saw it laying on King Henry's coffin. I wish you would let me have some of your blood, my own is too thick. I suppose I am to stab Banquo to-night?" "Yes, but I must show my bloody face in the banquet hall." "My lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him."

Several of the witches here appeared, and one laying her grisly hand upon the murderer's shoulder exclaimed in a sepulchral tone, "why had we not more thunder? the lightning did not flash in the right time—you should attend better to this business. Go get me the "pilot's thumb"—and mind that you have the cauldron ready to set fire to, when the thunder clap is heard—I do not wish to mince the matter. Here a shrill voice exclaimed, "witches, to your posts above!" and with a "hew! hew! hew!" they vanished.

Poor Hugh Jackson lay between life and death; he mistook the last cry of the weird sisters for "Hugh!"—they had discovered him, and were then about working a spell upon him. The crimson streams of life ran feebly to and from his heart; already he imagined himself minced up and boiling in the terrible cauldron! Then he was awakened from his stupor by long and loud peals of subterranean thunder, pale streaks of lightning, and a confused murmur of human voices—then a rolling noise like that of a drum—then a dead silence—then a hollow voice from above exclaimed,

"A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come."

No sooner were the words spoken, than a most hellish noise almost deafened his ears, as if a thousand imps were beating on as many empty hogsheads—then sounds like the noisy clappers of a water-mill, mingled with the hissing of snakes—the yells of legions of demons, and shouts of "silence!—down!" It was too much for the ill-fated Hugh to bear,—his senses left him. * * * *

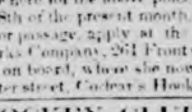
How long he lay in this state, he knew not. He opened his eyes—it was but to witness new horrors. A bright and steady glare pervaded the haunted cavern; scaffolds, wheels, and ropes were arrayed before him—and black coffins were piled against the wall. But he did not shrink from these trifles, they were of this world—moving spirits of the other now came to torment him. He beheld a figure clad in white, as if just risen in his winding sheet; the sockets of his eyes were black and sunken,—his cheeks were livid—and fresh blood gushed from a gaping wound in his breast. He passed on, and another appeared dressed in armour with his throat cut from ear to ear;—giving a ghastly laugh, he turned to a spectre and said in a deep tone—"I was shamefully murdered to-night; curse the fellows,—if they had struck as I directed them, exactly into the blood bladder, the scene would have elicited great applause."

What an undignified ghost, thought Hugh, as his trembling vision rested upon the spectre's pale features, wherein he thought he could trace those of the mysterious stranger of the piebald cravat, but his thoughts were interrupted by the same shrill voice he had heard before, crying "witches and ghosts—up—up!"—and they passed by in succession; some small apparitions, however, vanished through the roof of the vault, but re-appeared again, after having muttered some strange words to those above.

When this supernatural scene was at an end, Hugh determined to make an effort to escape. He arose, and after several several severe trials, made his way from the horrible cavern into the open air. Blessing his stars for his lucky escape from the jaws of darkness, he returned home and recounted to his father the adventures that had befallen him. The old man scratched his head, looked wise, and said "he did'nt believe a word on it."—But Hugh insisted upon it, and concluded by declaring that "the laws of Connecticut had driven all the witches away from them parts, and they had settled among the more wicked folks of the city."

The reader will doubtless, ere this, have perceived that Hugh had lost himself beneath the stage of a theatre, and had witnessed a part of the tragedy of Macbeth.

FOR CHARLESTON, S. C.



The Steam Packet David Brown, Capt. James Pennoyer, is now fitting up to ply between this city and Charleston, S. C. as a regular packet for passengers and light packages only, and will continue throughout the season to make two trips in each month. Her accommodations are spacious and convenient, and every exertion will be made to render the passengers comfortable. She will leave here for the above place either on the 17th or 18th of the present month, at 10 o'clock A. M.

For passage, apply at the office of the Howell Works Company, 261 Front street, or to the Captain on board, where she now lies, at the head of Water street, Corlear's Hook. n10 tf

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.
Savannah, Ga.
Over the Bonaventure Course.

The following Jockey Club Purses will be run for over the above Course, under the exclusive control and direction of the Stewards and Officers of the Club, commencing on the last Wednesday, (the 30th) of January, 1833, being the annual meeting of the Club, and will continue four days. Free for any mare, horse or gelding in the U. States.

First Day.—Four mile heats, for a purse of 700 dollars.

Second Day—Three mile heats, for a purse of 500 dollars.

Third Day—Two mile heats, for a purse of 300 dollars.

Fourth Day—Mile heats, the best 3 in 5,—handicap, purse, 200 dollars.

Weights, &c. according to the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club.

A Sweepstake for Colts, two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the regular races, (Jan. 29.) Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.
RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Sec'y.*

Miscellaneous.

IMPORTED HORSES
HEDGFORD & AUTOCRAT.

Hedgford *Full Brother to Birmingham.* Pedigree.—He was bred by Mr. Myston, in 1826, got by Filho da Puta—his Dam Miss Craigie, bred by Major Bower, in 1811, by Orville, her Dam Marchioness by Lurcher, Grandam Miss Cognolan, by Phenomenon—Young Marsk, Sylvia, &c. &c.

He is a beautiful Dark Brown, with black legs, having no white marks except a beautiful Star in the Forehead—he is 16 1-2 hands high, and for symmetry and muscular strength, not surpassed by any Horse.

Performances.—In 1828 he won the Maiden Plate at Chester, beating Joceline and three other favorite Horses—the Gold Cup and a Sweepstakes at Nottingham. In 1829, the Members Plate at Chester. In 1830, the Cheshire Stakes of 25 Sovereigns each, 15 Subscribers—a stake of 10 Sovereigns each, with 40 added, 8 subscribers, and a £50 Plate at Wrexham. Among the numerous Horses which he beat are the following: Scarborough, Camellia, Silverlock, Strephon, the Marshall, Nimrod, Mermaid, Stapely, Master Henry, Ultimatum, Fortitude, Naverino, Courtier, Sandoval, Hazard, Sprig, Effie, Rolls, and Lady Bird—all Crack Horses of the day.

Filho da Puta, (the Sire of Hedgford,) was got by Haphazard—his dam, Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy; Grandam by Woodpecker; Great Grandam Heinel, by Squirrel—Principessa by Blank, &c. &c.

Filho da Puta, won the great Doncaster St. Ledger, in 1815—Orville, the Sire of Hedgford's dam, won the St. Ledger, in 1802, and Birmingham, full brother to Hedgford, won the St. Ledger in 1830.

Birmingham's winnings, exclusive of the St. Ledger, has been greater than any other 5 year old of the same day. Gentlemen who will take the trouble to examine the Racing Calender and Stud Book, will find that he is descended from a family of stout and true Runners, which will appear by the following brief sketch of the Performance of a few of Filho da Puta's get—viz. in 1823 ten were winners—in 1824, twenty were winners—in 1825, 17 do.—in 1826, 20 do.—in 1827, 22 do.—in 1828, 34 do.—in 1829, 28 do.—in 1830, 31 do.—in 1831, 27 do.—which gives to him the reputation of being the sire of more winning horses up to that date than any other Stallion in England can boast of having produced in the same length of time—among them may be noted Sherwood, The Agent, Fille de Joi, Pellatine, Alecta, Escape, Fair Rosaline, Hajji Baba, Miller of Mansfield, Orthodox, Arachne, Dr. Faustus, Elephanta, Hexgrave, Maid of Mansfield, Forrester Lass, Harriet, Sangredo, His Grace, Astonishment, Betsy Bedlam, Charnwood, Columbia, Jocko, Father Long Legs, Elegance, Frederick, Grimalkin, Lambtonian, Merry Trix, Talma, Ortholan, Independence, Abel, Gallopade, His Highness, Scipio, Sir Thomas, &c.—His winners amount to upwards of two hundred and forty.

The Magnificent Grey Horse
AUTOCRAT.
Bred by the Earl of Derby, in 1822—16 1-2 Hands high—of great substance and Muscular form.

Pedigree.—He was got by Grand Duke; his dam Olivetta, by Sir Oliver; Grandam Scotinia, by Delpini; her dam Scota, by Eclipse, Herod, &c. &c.

Grand Duke, was a well known racer, bred by Sir F. M. Stanley, and got by Arch Duke, out of Hand Maid by John Bull. Arch Duke was bred by Sir F. Standish, and got by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Horatio, sister to Achilles, bred by the Duke of Bolton, and got by Eclipse out of Delphini's dam by Blank. Sir Peter won the Derby stakes at Epsom, in 1787—and Arch Duke in 1796—his pedigree is unrivalled.

Performances.—Autocrat, when 3 years old, in 1825, at Chester, won the Dee stakes, beating Sir T. M. Stanley's Doctor Faustus, and 4 others—the same week, at Chester, he won the Palatine stakes, beating Mr. Houldsworth's Androgeus, &c. At Litchfield, he won the Staffordshire stakes, beating Gen. Grosvenor's Wings, who won the Gold Cup, and [illegible] stakes, at Epsom, the same year. In 1826, Autocrat won two £50 Plates at Newton—the Tower Stakes at Knutsford—the Kings Plate at Litchfield—and the same year, ran second to that well known racer "Lottery," for the Gold Cup at Preston, beating Signorina, Brutendorf, &c. Many of the above races were heats; among others of note, that for the King's Plate at Litchfield, 4 miles, carrying the heavy English Weight imposed upon Plate horses.

Among the various horses of note which Autocrat beat, are the following:—Dr. Faustus, Ludford, Escape, Androgeus, Wings, Achilles, Cymbeline, Signorina, Toss, Young Castrell, Predictor, Grenadier, Sir Roger, Alecto, Euphrates, Brutendorf, Rinaldo, Invalid, Whittington, Miss Forrester, Ambo, Anti Radical, &c. all first rate runners of their day.

Hedgford & Autocrat were both exhibited at the Union Course, on Long Island, during the late Races, and pronounced by good Judges, to be the best horses imported for many years past.

The above horses (Hedgford and Autocrat) were imported by the subscriber, in the ship Washington, Capt. Thompson, and landed at New-York, on the 8th of Sept. last. One or both of which will be sold, or farmed out for the approaching season, upon reasonable terms, if early application is made to
WM. JACKSON.
New-York, Nov. 3. No. 7 Park Row.

☞ A fine Durham Bull, a Cow and Bull Calf, of the short-horned Breed, imported at the same time, are also offered for sale. Apply as above.

MILITARY & SPORTING WAREHOUSE
J. P. Moore, 208 Broadway
Nearly opposite St. Paul's Church.

Has constantly on hand and offers for sale on accommodating terms, Wholesale or Retail, Swords, Sword-Belts, Epaulettes, Sashes, Wings, Laces, Cords, Tassels, Spurs, &c. &c. with every article suitable for Officers, Privates and Musicians.

Navy.
Navy Swords, Dirks, Belts, Buttons, &c. &c.

For Sportsmen.
The finest and best assortment of Double and Single barrel guns for Fowling and Duck shooting—Duelling, Travelling and Pocket pistols, also a general assortment of Gun locks, Mountings, &c. Powder Flasks, Shot Belts, Game bags, &c. Percussion powder and pills, of all sizes and fine quality, Caps of all kinds and Warranted not to cut in the eye.

Rifles.
A complete assortment for the Southern and Western Markets, by the Case Dozen or Single one.

Fishing Tackle.
A general assortment of Rods, Lines, Reels, Hooks, &c. &c.

N. B. The subscriber having been brought up to the business of Gun making, guarantees every article sold by him, and those favoring him with their orders may depend upon being served with faithfulness and at moderate prices.

Guns made to order, and all altering and repairing done in the best manner, and with punctuality.

P. S. Wanted immediately Six first-rate steady workmen at Fowling or Rifle making. To good steady men constant employment will be given. Oct 13

Scales & Weights.—The subscriber has this day received a case of superior Scales and Weights for Brokers and others requiring a good and correct article.

Also, two pair of Patent Burchfield Scales, for Grocers or Bakers, worthy attention.
SYLVESTER 130 Broadway.

Gold Balances.

Persons in the habit of purchasing English Gold, are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES; they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. They will weigh Sovereigns and Halves, also Guineas, Halves and Thirds.
S. J. SYLVESTER.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

The Casket.

"A posegay of culled flowers, with nothing of ourown but the thread that ties them."

BEN BUSKIN.

[*Everybody writes like Tom Hood now.*]

Ben Buskin was a fat young man,
An actor, too, was he—
A very great one in his line,
Which eke was tragedy—
Though sometimes funny parts he took,
Falstaff he was no muff in;
Which, like the feast-scene in Macbeth,
He acted without stuffing.

His forte e'en was light comedy,
Though fourteen stone he weighed;
And, being of a roundish build,
A SEAT he sometimes played.
As Hamlet, in the fencing scene,
He always made a HIT—
And when he died he surely drew
The pity of the pit.

The more he played the jealous Moor,
The more his scenes would tell—
Well known his Stranger was, because
He acted the part so well.
That he would munch four pounds of beef,
He rumps and dozens laid—
He ate the stakes and then the "lean
And hungry Cassius" played.

Now Cupid often had essayed
With love to make him flutter—
But found his heart was like a pear
Stuck in a cask of butter.
So, finding all his longest bows
Too short the feat to do,
He shot him with a lovely BELLE,
Who measured six feet two.

One night, when he was on the stage,
He glanced into the pit,
And thought he saw a pillar move,
With a bonnet huge on it;
He looked again, and soon perceived
What did a post appear,
Was casting sheep's eyes upon him,
While he was acting LEAR.

Although no post was Mrs Pole,
Whose glances shot so far,
Ben straightway longed long Mrs Pole
Should be his polar star!
While walking out, next year, he saw
A shadow by his side—
And, looking up a furlong off,
His dear long Pole he spied.

A run he took, and shortly reached
His long, long-wished-for prize—
"And pray," said he, "glance down upon
A wretch who for thee dies!"
Said Polly Pole, while looking round,
"Did anybody speak?"
"Oh, yes!" cried he, "'tis one who dares
Your highness' smiles to seek."

[*The next three stanzas paint the mal-apropos appearance of Mrs. Pole's husband, a tall soldier.*]

And now Ben went to Polly Pole,
To try to animate her—
So walked from Pole to Pole, just like
A circumnavigator.
In vain Ben tried to quell his rage—
Pole said, with many an oath,
"If't warn't that I'm a life guard's man,
I'd be the death of both."

And, with a stick, to Buskin's back
Some heavy blows he lent—
And, though a sergeant, treated him,
With corporal punishment!
Against the wings poor Ben's fat sides
The sergeant's stick impales—
To those who saw his back he seemed
A very Prince of Wales.

The sergeant then took Polly Pole,
And in his hand he caught hers,
And dragging off his better half,
He lodged her in his quarters.—
Though Ben had stood against long Pole,
He couldn't stand Death's dart—
The sergeant broke poor Buskin's bones,
And Polly broke his heart.

From the London New Entertaining Press.

THE PRESS.

The Press—the Press—the glorious Press,
It makes the nations free!
Before it tyrants prostrate fall,
And proud oppressors flee!
In what a state of wretchedness,
Without it, should we be!
And can we, then, too highly prize
The source of liberty?

The Press—the Press—the glorious Press,
It dissipates our gloom!
And she is a ray of happiness
O'er victims of the tomb;
See, darkness from his elvin throne
Has fled to realms of night,
And o'er the world is now diffused
A flood of heavenly light!

The Press—the Press—the glorious Press,
What thanks are due to those
Who all attempts to quench its beams
Triumphantly oppose;
To them belong the wreath of fame—
The garland of renown;
The honour of a deathless name—
A never-fading crown!

At the Middlesex Sessions, as Mr. Alley was handing Mr. Phillips a book, it accidentally fell, and alighting on the toes of Mr. Adolphus, the latter roared out—"What the plague's that?" "A volume on the CORN laws," said Mr. Alley.

The parsimony of Lord Kenyon was notorious. The subject being once started in conversation, some one observed, that Lord Kenyon had never been known to give a single bottle of wine to a friend. "But I have (says Cowper) known him to give ONE to a dozen."

Cowper went to the Oxford Circuit with Lord Kenyon, the irritability of whose temper involved him in frequent bickerings with the members of the Circuit. On one occasion, having exhibited great irritation of manner, the Judge said to him, "Pray, Mr. Kenyon, keep your temper." "My Lord," observed Mr. Cowper, "you had better recommend him to part with it as soon as he can."

PROOF OF BEING RIGHTEOUS.—A man, last winter, or some other time, when the weather was frosty, coming out of a tavern a little "blue," lost his footing, and came down plump on the doorstep. Endeavoring to regain his feet, he said—"We read that the wicked STAND on slippery places. I therefore must be one of the righteous, FOR HANG ME IF I CAN STAND."

EPICURISM.—The passionate love of good eating, and the brutal species of wit which distinguished Quin, a celebrated actor, furnished many anecdotes in his day. He was invited to dine with a dutchess who delighted in the company of men of talent. To the surprise of Quin, she helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch which stood before her. 'What! and does your grace eat no fat?' 'Not of venison, sir.' 'Never, my lady dutchess?' 'Never, I assure you.' Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiments, the epicure exclaimed, 'I love to dine with such fools.'

STUTTERING LETTER.—A certain old woman took from the post office in the town of G——, a letter. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near, to read the letter to her.—He accordingly began and read:

Charleston, June 23, 1832.

"DEAR MOTHER"—then making a stop to find out what followed (as the writing was rather bad,) the old lady exclaimed, "O 'tis from poor Jerry, HE ALWAYS STUTTERED."

A MAN MILLINER.—The following account is given by a late traveller, of the manner in which the Tartars are measured and fitted to a new suit:

I approached, says he, a group of Tartars assembled round a dead horse, which they had just skinned. A young man about eighteen, who was naked, had the hide of the animal thrown over his shoulder. A woman, who performed the office of tailor with great dexterity, began cutting the back of this new dress, following with her scissors the round of the neck, the fall of the shoulders, the semicircle which formed the sleeve, and the side of the habit, which was intended to reach below the knee. She proceeded in the same manner with the other parts, till the cutting out was finished; the man who had served as mould, then crouched on his hams, while the several pieces were stitched together, so that in less than two hours he had a good brown-bay coat, which only wanted to be tanned by continual wearing.

The Atlas of Thursday contains the following singular advertisement:—

"*A certain gentleman is not what he ought to be.* A North End Sail Maker."

This is true of a vast number of the human family. We do not know to whom the advertiser refers, but we can add that there are many gentlemen who are not what they PRETEND to be.—N. E. GALAXY.

Madam Letitia, the mother of Buonaparte, was at the point of death. Her will occasioned much speculation, as her property is very large. The bulk of it, estimated, after paying all the legacies, at about $15,000,000, she leaves to the eldest in the male line of the Buonapartes in perpetual entail. Joseph is the present heir.

PATRONAGE.—An old woman was lately seen wending her way up one of the streets of St. Andrews, (Fifeshire.) It was manifest from her demeanor that her whole soul was occupied with a subject of importance. At last, after surveying carefully around, she came to an anchorage immediately opposite Bailie T——'s counter, when the following dialogue ensued:—B. "Weel, Janet, what's awanting the day?" Janet, (eyeing the Bailie with a searching look of inquiry,) responded, "Ou, no that muckle; but there's ae thing I want to ken before I mak or mell wi' ye. Will ye tell me if ye be a TORAR?" B. "A Tory, Janet? Atweel no. Am a Whig, woman, an' I ha'e just pledged myself to vote for Mr. Johnston." Hereupon Janet's fingers, which had hitherto been closely rolled up in her palm, began to unfold; and laying down the king's coin on the Bailie's counter with an air of satisfaction and unbounded patronage she proceeded, "Then my man, gi'e me a bawbee's worth o'your mustard!"

If you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil.

PRINTING.

CHECKS, Cards, Handbills, Circulars, and Printing of every description, neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

GOLD & SILVER LEAF MANUFACTORY.

No. 67 WATTS STREET.

GEORGE S. WAITE, offers for sale gold and Silver Leaf, and Gold, Silver and Copper Bronzes of superior quality, at the lowest cash price, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street.

DANCING ACADEMY,

City Saloon, Marble Buildings, Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church.

MR. & MRS. TRUST have the honor to announce to their patrons and the public, that they have engaged the above splendid building, where they will re open their DANCING and CALISTHENIC ACADEMY on the 1st of November next. The superior eligibility of this newly erected establishment, its extent and splendor, combining privacy with every possible public convenience which can be met with in any similar, the original construction of the spacious and lofty saloon for the transmission of sound, without "bewildering echoes and discordant jars," altogether forming a Music Hall, and Concert Saloon, with its suite of rooms, unrivalled in the United States. To make it so, however, has been the aim of the enterprising proprietor; how far he has succeeded, the public will judge when it is opened.

The experience and great success of Mrs. Trust, as teacher in this city of the varied styles of fashionable dances, viz. Cotillions, Gallopades, and Waltzing, in exact conformity with the system of the European *artistes*, will, she confidently presumes, recommend her exclusively to the patronage of the ladies and the parents of juveniles, in whose instruction she is confessedly felicitous.

Mrs. T. would also respectfully impress on the minds of parents who have objections against dancing, the importance of the Calisthenics, or Grecian exercises, as a substitute, for the removal of every awkward and embarrassing appearance peculiar to young ladies on their first entering into polished society, giving in exchange a graceful and easy carriage, and above all, imparting to them health and vigor. Should any lady wish to make herself acquainted with the utility of the Calisthenic Exercises, previous to becoming or recommending a pupil, Mrs. Trust will be happy to explain the nature of them by personal illustration, on the opening of the school.

Gentlemen patrons are informed that a teacher of acknowledged practical eminence is now on his passage from Europe, and is engaged as an assistant in the Gentlemen's Classes, and no efforts will be wanting to render them satisfaction equal to any they would receive at other establishments. Pupils and parents will have the privilege of attending the Weekly Assemblies, for which the distinguished New-York Cotillion Band is engaged.

Schools and Private Classes attended. Days of tuition, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings. The Grecian Exercises in the morning. Terms, $10 per quarter.

Mr. and Mrs. T. having made every possible endeavor to render this institution deserving an extended public patronage, they have sanguine expectations that their utmost hopes will be abundantly realized.

A private subscription Ball, once a fortnight, is in contemplation. Arrangements have been made with the stage proprietors for the conveyance to and fro of up-town pupils free of expense. Subscription Book at No. 52 Howard-st.

Oct. 27 tf

MUSIC,

At Peale's Museum & Gallery of the Fine Arts, Broadway, opposite the Park.

THE KENDALLS are engaged for a short time, to delight the company with their exquisite performance on the Harp, French Horn, and improved French Flageolet during the evenings.

The working model of the Novelty Steam Carriage, lately exhibited at Niblo's Garden, is deposited for a short time in the Museum.

Amongst the Paintings may be particularly noticed a full length portrait of Napoleon by Lefevre. Oct. 13.

S. J. SYLVESTER will conduct the *Lottery and Exchange Business*, at his new store, corner of Fourth and Wood-streets, where he will be pleased to see his correspondents when they visit Pittsburgh. Letters may be addressed as usual, S. J. SYLVESTER, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

AN APPRENTICE WANTED.

A BOY who can come well recommended, may hear of a situation at the printing business by applying at No. 35 Wall street, up stairs.

Miscellaneous.

TO DENTISTS.

GOLD, Silver, Platina, and Tin Foils of superior quality, and warranted, are offered to the Dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street, by GEORGE S. WAITE.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 100, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. CARTER 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentlemen of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

PARTHENON

Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

EXTRAORDINARY

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION,

On the Celebrated Gowardonian System,

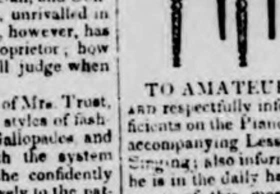
371 1-2 Grand Street.

BEING a new, thorough and rapid method of teaching new beginners, and others who are heartily tired of, disgusted with, and see little or no improvement on, the *old, long, irksome, tiresome*, and *very expensive* system of other teachers; invented by I. Goward, A. M. Professor and Practical Teacher of it, 371 1-2 Grand street, New-York City; whereby more may positively be easily acquired in barely SIX LESSONS or HOURS, or ONE LESSON of six hours, than in YEARS of vexatious drilling on that monopolizing old system which is just fit to torment pupils' heads and drain their pockets!—upon the Piano Forte and Spanish Guitar with Singing, Flute, Flageolet, Clarinet, Violin, Bass Viol, &c. &c.

☞ N. B. One word to people of sense—Citizens of New-York, I have been with you nearly 4 years, in which time I have taught thousands on my new System, but I hope you will pardon me if I ask you one *quizzical* question after being quizzed by you for nearly 4 years!—namely, Have not some of you refused to read my advertisements, or if you did read, did you not think it a *puff* and have you not listened to those who were enemies to improvements (or innovations as they would call them) if so, have you not cheated yourselves and been cheated out of that knowledge of Music which you in the honesty of your souls would have pronounced.

INVALUABLE AND REAL, YET

EXTRAORDINARY IMPROVEMENTS!



TO AMATEURS OF MUSIC.—Mr. GOWARD respectfully informs the Ladies who are proficients on the Piano Forte or Guitar, that he gives accompanying Lessons with the Flute and in Singing; also informs amateurs of the Flute that he is in the daily habit of *teaching* the embellishments of this most beautiful instrument (and other instruments) after the manner of Wragg, Nicholson, Alexander, Dressler, Cuddy, himself, &c. &c.

N. B. YOUNG LADIES are taught in a few lessons to sing Songs, Glees, Duetts, or Sacred Pieces (by note) in a correct and fashionable style—also to play together on the same instrument. Sacred Music is taught every Sunday evening. Ladies and Gentlemen, who are Music pupils, are free. The Euterpean Band, composed of Mr Goward's pupils, meet every Tuesday evening, to practice together Duetts, Trios, Quartettes, &c consisting of Marches, Waltzes, Rondos, Cotilions, Dances, Hornpipes, Quadrilles, Gallopades, &c arranged for the Flute, Clarinet, Violin, and Bass Viol. All who wish to play in Concert, should attend by all means.

N. B. YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES are taught elocutive Song singing, Glees, Catches, Duetts, &c. every THURSDAY Evening. Elocution is taught to young Ladies and Gentlemen in classes or alone.

HARMONY, OR THOROUGH BASS, and COMPOSITION OF MUSIC are taught on moderate terms.

☞ Those who apply this month will be taken much lower.

Address or call on I. GOWARD, Professor and Teacher of Music, 371 1-2 Grand Street, New-York. n 3 tf

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

SPORTSMEN are respectfully informed that I have 500 pigeons on hand, and have appointed Wednesday afternoon of each week for a PIGEON-MATCH, commencing at 2 o'clock. The ground (on the Mount Vernon Trotting Course) is the most favorable that could be selected, or even desired; and every exertion will be made to render it a favorite resort to sportsmen. WILLIAM OLIVER.

Mount Vernon, Sept. 15.

S. J. SYLVESTER & Co.

No 33 Baltimore-street, Baltimore, Md. And Wood-street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MESSRS YATES & M'INTYRE having succeeded in purchasing the grant of the Maryland State Lotteries, a scheme of Class No 17, to be drawn in Baltimore, on Saturday, Nov 9th is presented to our customers, for which we ask a consideration. Having an office as above we shall be enabled to afford every facility to all venturers.

It will be remembered that when $10 and upwards are remitted, postage need not be paid, but correspondents are urgently requested to send notes of as large denomination as possible; frequently happens that the postage charge deprives us of all profit. Our friends are aware that when a package is sold, a deduction is always made from the full price, and when a certificate is ordered, the difference between the cost and warranty need only be forwarded. It is respectfully suggested to adventurers that by ordering certificate, whether of package or loose tickets, they will save themselves much return postage—in such cases the tickets are always sealed up and held for the benefit and subject to the order of the buyer.

The Autumn Races.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

WAYNESBOROUGH, GEO.

WILL commence on Tuesday, 11th of December next and continue four days.

First Day—Three mile heats for a purse worth $300
Second Day—Two mile heats for 250
Third Day—Mile heats three best in five for a handicap purse worth 200
The bote free for any horse.
Fourth Day.—Mile heats, free only for horses foaled in Burke county, for a purse worth from $100 to $150

☞ Editors friendly to sport of this kind, will please republish the above.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

SAVANNAH, GA.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colt's two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, Sec'y.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

JERUSALEM, VA.

WILL commence on the 3d Tuesday in November and continue four days.

First Day—A sweepstake, for 3 year olds, who never won a race—mile heats—$100 entrance, half forfeit—4 or more to make a race. Subscribers: James J. Harrison, S. Bryant—to close 25th of October.

Second Day.—Proprietor's Purse—$250—two mile heats—entrance $15.

Third Day.—Jockey Club Purse $500—four mile heats—entrance $20.

Fourth Day.—A poststake, 2 mile heats—$100 entrance, half forfeit, free for all ages.

An elegant saddle will be put up, to be run for on the 4th day, mile heats.

RICHARD S. NICHOLSON, Proprietor.

THE JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

(MEMPHIS, TEN.)

WILL commence on Wednesday the 14th November next, four days running. First day, two mile heats, purse $200. Second day, three mile heats, purse $300. Third day, mile heats, 3 best in 5, purse $200. Fourth day, a first rate saddle, bridle and martingale.—The money will be hung up at the poles each day, and delivered by the Judges to the winning horse.—Free for any horse, mare or gelding, according to rules. The track is equal to any in the state; first rate stables and accommodation can be had in the town. By order of the Board,

MARK B. SAPPINGTON, Sec'y.

Memphis, Oct. 2, 1832.

A CARD.

NEW-YORK GYMNASIUM, No. 29 ANN-STREET.

W. FULLER begs leave to remind gentlemen returning from the country, and particularly those whose pursuits require close application, that the surest method of retaining the health and vigor which a sojourn in, and the amusements of, the country may have given them, is by having daily recourse to some active bodily exercise, which is likewise the best safe-guard against attacks of the pestilence which still lurks in our city.

The institution he has the pleasure of conducting affords every facility and convenience for attaining objects so desirable, and he begs that they will take an opportunity of examining it for themselves. To his subscribers he presents his compliments, and hopes that they will be general and regular in their attendance.

P. S. Fencing and Sparring upon the most approved principles taught at the Gymnasium.

"Elements of Gymnastics," by Wm. Fuller, price 25 cents. Oct. 6.

TROTTING COURSE,

MOUNT VERNON, NEAR NEW-YORK CITY.

THE public are respectfully informed that a PURSE will be trotted for over this course on the 1st of NOVEMBER next, to commence at 5 o'clock every week thereafter, on THURSDAYS, until notice is given to the contrary in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The Course remains open for private Matches and for Training; and Sporting gentlemen are respectfully invited to avail themselves of the advantages which it offers.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.

Oct. 13, 1832.

TO SPORTSMEN

OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky. which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 61 JAMES MOORE.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

OR

NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS.—PEABODY & Co. propose commencing at an early day the publication in this city, of a *Monthly Magazine*. The work when fairly established will consist of *Tales, Reviews and Essays, with notices of the Arts, Views of Society at home and abroad; Comments on the Fashions and temper of the times, Gleanings from the least accessible of foreign publications, and the earliest On-dits in literary, sporting, and fashionable circles*. But above all to reflect life and literature as displayed in this *Metropolis*, shall be the principal object of

THE KNICKERBOCKER, OR

NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

☞ Each number will contain twenty four quarto pages of letter press, printed with an entirely new and beautiful type, procured expressly for the work. The *paper*, of the finest American manufacture, will be of the same quality with that used in the *Annuals*, and stitched in an elegant tinted cover. The greatest attention in short will be paid to its typographical appearance, while superior *Engravings* will from time to time ornament and enrich the publication.

☞ *Terms of Subscription*, FOUR DOLLARS per annum, payable on the delivery of the fourth number.

Should the complexion of their subscription list barely enable the publishers to commence the Magazine, the contents of the earlier numbers will be one half original and the remainder selected, but should the publication meet with the success that is anticipated, it will gradually assume an entirely original character. The publishers being prepared, if met in their designs by the public, to enlist the acknowledged talent in the country, and call out latent ability, at an expenditure hitherto unpractised on this side of the Atlantic. They must meet with countenance themselves, however, before they can venture to bestow patronage, though perfectly content that *all* the profits of the work shall go to improve its character. In the meantime, without mentioning the names of the able contributors who have courteously pledged their aid, they feel warranted in stating that arrangements have been made, which will enable them to commence their undertaking, under *literary auspices the most favorable*.

PEABODY & CO. 219 *Broadway, New York*.

Sporting Stores.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD, No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S

WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,

191 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitable for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do.—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes. do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,

No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

*** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES & TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut Grass, Hair, Silk and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER, 230 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments, thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS.

☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

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TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker. 6th edition in 8vo enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

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☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

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LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, CARS, AND RAIL-ROAD.

WM NIBLO respectfully informs the public that he is now exhibiting, in full operation around the South Garden, the beautiful little Engine called the NOVELTY, made expressly for exhibition, together with Cars, which carries four or more persons with great rapidity over a Rail-Road of 140 yards, at the rate of eight miles the hour.

The Novelty was made by Mr. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, a distinguished Mechanician, who has formed it after the model of the lightest and most beautiful of the English Engines. The Novelty for grace of action, ease, and smoothness of motion, will not be disparaged by comparison with any compulsive instrument hitherto constructed.

This beautiful specimen of mechanicism would have been exhibited to the New York public before this, had it not been for the *Epidemic*.

As the Novelty will be exhibited but for a short season, those who wish to indulge a curiosity for witnessing this beautiful specimen of American Mechanism, and Locomotive Experiment, will no doubt find themselves highly gratified, and satisfied, that the time is not far distant, when one of those flying machines, in this age of improvement, may leave New York for the West, and in three days, place cannon on the battle ground, or merchandise in the warehouse of New Orleans, and return to New York in the same week, at the rate ordinarily executed, now on the Liverpool Rail Road.

The hours of exhibition from 10 to 1 o'clock in the morning, from 3 to 6 in the afternoon, and from 7 to 10 in the evening.

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AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS,

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THIS favorite fashionable resort has, during the temporary absence of the greater portion of the inhabitants, undergone numerous alterations and improvement, and no expense has been spared to render it still more attractive.—The proprietor hails with pleasure the reappearance of his friends, and trusts that his humble endeavors to render this establishment a pleasing Evening Lounge, will on its re-opening on Monday evening next, the 3d September, be enlivened by the smiles of numerous citizens and strangers. On that occasion the great Anaconda will be fed with a living rabbit.

To enumerate even a few of the principal curiosities in the Museum, would occupy too much space for an advertisement, and the reputation it has attained by the superiority of its specimens, at once does away the necessity of puffing. The public are invited to judge for themselves.

Admittance as usual, 25 cents—children half price. Season tickets on moderate terms. s29

THE COURT OF DEATH,

PAINTED by Rembrandt Peale, is now open for exhibition and sale at the Rooms (late Atheneum) corner of Broadway and Pine st.

The idea of this subject was taken from Bishop Proteus' Poem on Death. The Picture is 24 feet long, 13 feet high—23 figures size of life. This very popular Picture, which was exhibited in several cities with unprecedented success, has not been unrolled for many years. It was reserved with the idea of forming a Gallery, but that purpose being abandoned, and the author about to proceed to Europe, it will be disposed of by private or public sale, either to deposit in some Gallery or Hospital, or for profitable speculation as an exhibition picture. The following is a correct list of the receipts of this picture during the short period of its exhibition. In Baltimore, $1785; Philadelphia 810, (alarm of yellow fever); New-York, 1767; Boston 1067; Salem 152; Charleston 1099; Savannah 300; Augusta 312; Richmond 277; Washington and Alexandria 670—in all $8239. This picture has lost none of its attraction, having been often enquired for; and a new generation has since grown up whose curiosity may be gratified in the contemplation of it.

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Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

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AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and cresendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

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AND

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A WEEKLY

SPORTING PAPER,

ON THE PLAN OF

Bell's Life in London,

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JAMES D. ARMSTRONG,

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BY JAMES D. ARMSTRONG,

35 WALL-ST., ADJOINING THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1832.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Once more it has been a luxury to run over the papers we daily receive in exchange for our modest hebdomodel. The Election is past and gone, and the conductors of the Press have resumed the cheerful tenor of their way, and are fast making friends with each other after calling hard names and giving some hard raps by way of remembrancers. This is as it should be; and like true knights after a "passage of arms," they should resume that courtesy of bearing which sheds such a benign influence on the contentions of party, and on the anxieties and cares of an Editor's career.

We have noticed with the greatest good nature imaginable, that a part of the head of our paper has been assumed by some three or four others as a becoming name whereby to win the favour of every breeze of patronage. Heaven grant them success!—and may "*The Spirit of the Times*" give currency to their sheets and lend a charm to their columns! May the name be indicative of all that renders a paper valuable, and give to those that bear it the spirit of patriotism, the graces of humour, and the soul of wit.

Again the amusements of our city are enticing back from the turmoils of politics the gay votaries of frolic and pleasure; again our theatres are filling with the lovers of the drama; and the opera is nightly adding to its train of delighted followers. The city is gay with fashion and crowded with strangers. The weather is cool, pleasant and exhilirating. Broadway is glittering with beauty and magnificent equipages. The "whips" are "putting the flax" to their goers and the sportsmen are elate with success. In a word, the golden times of harmony, wealth, and pleasure have returned to us; and blessed are they who have the disposition and the power to improve them.

Extracts from English papers.

By the last jail returns, it appears that the prison of Newgate is capable of containing only 19 prisoners in separate cells and 400 when more than one prisoner sleeps in one cell. But it appears that there are in Newgate 672 prisoners—consequently 172 more than it is considered capable of containing, even under that bad arrangement. Of these there are 56 who have been tried, including three adjudged lunatics. In the last year as many as 640 prisoners were in confinement at one time. This is the principal prison of the first city in the world!

It is well known that at the time the French throne devolved upon its present possessor, there were those, and not a few, who would have placed the crown upon the head of the veteran La Fayette. "If we are to have a king," said they, "let it be you." "I will say to you on this point," replied La Fayette, "in the words of Marshal Saxe, that a crown would sit upon me as a gold ring upon a cat."

GIBBON.—It is said of this celebrated man that when he made love to Mademoiselle Cruchod, and went down on his knees, she was obliged to ring the bell for the footman to help him up again. It was certainly a chivalrous step for him to take, more particularly as he was remarkably fat. He could not well do more for her, or get into a worse scrape. It was the "*Loee* plus ultra"—his decline and fall."

Many people complain that the press sometimes does a great deal of mischief. This may be very true, for every printer has his *devil*; and it is admitted by every Christian that the devil is the *type of mischief*.

Almost all those who write well, write rapidly Johnson did so; so did Byron so does, *or did* (alas!) Sir Walter Scott.

A youth requested the notorious robber Cartouche to engage him in his band. "Where hast thou served?" asked he. "Two years with an attorney and six months with an inspector of the police." "Well," said Cartouche, "that whole time shall be reckoned as if thou hadst served in my troop."

Crockford is said to have borne his recent loss of 115*l.* by having his pocket picked, with great sangfroid. On making the discovery, he is stated to have said, "Well, live and let live!" is my motto."

Anybody that has a shady shrubbery may have an ice-house, without expense, by heaping a large cone of well-pounded ice, or snow, in the winter and causing it to be thatched with barley straw about twice the thickness, laid upon a stack of oats. In this manner ice may be preserved for three years.

A coach proprietor, with the infelicitous name of *On-slow*, has been advertising "expeditious travelling on the northern road.

Thomas *Make-peace* was last week fined 100*l.* for a breach of the *peace* at Southampton.

The Cholera Morbus is cured by carrying the sick on boards of health, which we suppose are of the *lignum vitæ*.

The number of miles ran by stage coaches in England is annually about 10,630,000. The expense of drawing coaches by horses is about two shillings a mile; so that the annual expenditure for horse-keep is about *four millions*.

"I perceive, Rose," said Wakefield the other day, "that the two fellows who killed Wilkinson were not hung on Wednesday." "Very true," replied Rose, "but they were in a *state of suspense* for some days."

A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to *file your bill*, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

The eastern horse-jockies drug an unruly animal with opium, which has the effect of subduing the animal's vice till the bargain has been completed, and the seller out of reach.

An Obedient Husband.—When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, which he did by writing as follows:—

"I am directed to inform the Court of Aldermen that Mr Gill died last night by order of Mrs Gill."

A gentleman who was well known to be fond of his bottle or two, said, one day, after drinking pretty freely, "The wine is very thick." "No, no," said his friend, "it is you are too thick with the wine."

In London there is a building called the *Fleet* prison, which the secretary to his Excellency the Ambassador explains is so named because it contains many persons whose money has gone *fast*.

MATRIMONY.—A young lady of 22, was lately throwing out some affected sneers at matrimony; when a grave friend in company observed that marriages were made in heaven. "Can you tell me, sir," replied the nymph, "why they are so slow in coming down?"

From the Asiatic Journal.

THE MERMAID.

AN EASTERN TALE.

"Did I ever tell you of my adventure with a mermaid?"

"A mermaid! No never; I should like mightily to hear it, Captain Quizzle."

"It is the most remarkable of all my adventures, I wonder I have not told you it."

"You have so many strange stories: your life must have been an eventful one. Pray let us have it, Captain."

"Well—I traded for several years in the Eastern Archipelago. The swarms of clusters of islands thereabouts are amazing; not a tenth part of them are ever visited by human beings, and consequently all the strange things in the animal and even the vegetable creation are to be found there; monsters, as we call them, seem to congregate amidst those delicious spots, because they are out of the reach of man's destructive power. You have heard of the Bobbinag butterflower, discovered by Sir Stamford Raffles in an Island of the Archipelago, at the mere sight of which, one of his Hindu servants died of fright; calyx, like the dome of St. Pauls; pistils, like good sized fir trees; pollen, in such a prodigious quantity, that wild beasts are often smothered in it. Sir Stamford likewise met with the Dugong, or merman. He could only get a dead specimen; I have often seen the animal alive; I have shaken hands with one, for they are exceedingly gentle creatures. All these things are now pretty notorious.—But besides these, unicorns are so plentiful (though they can never be taken alive, as you all know) that their horns are used as walking sticks by the respectable Malays, and canes by the school-masters. The Malay boys require a vast deal of hanging to get their alphabet properly, the letters are so difficult to sound (their mouths often grow awry in the attempt) and the unicorn's horn saves trouble, one stroke of it raising twenty large blisters. Then they have toothpicks made of griffin's claws—but to the mermaid.

"I had often heard of mermaids in different parts of the Archipelago, but I did not credit the stories told me by the native rascals, who are desperate liars. A grey headed old man, however, one day, upon my taxing him with deceit upon this point, assured me he had seen one; and further told me that if I was desirous of ocular proof, he could direct me to a spot where I should be pretty sure to meet with one of these water nymphs.

"I gladly accepted the offer, and he directed me to go alone to one of the little islets on the Eastern side of the isle of Biliton (I was then on the island of Banca,) where he said these ladies often disported themselves of an evening. He cautioned me to be on my guard, for they were apt to take liberties with gentlemen—that is, to scratch out their eyes, slice them in half with a sudden twitch of the tail, &c.

"Accordingly the very next day I procured a native boat, which could be paddled by one person, armed myself with sword and pistols, and boldly but privily launched my frail bark into the blue deep, to cross the strait of Gaspar.

"When I was equipped, I could not help laughing at the expedition I was setting out upon. However, I could but do as many have done, whom curiosity has prompted to be spectators of the washing of the lions at the Tower, on the first of April—that is, keep my folly to myself.

"I reached the island indicated by my grey beard Mentor—it was a sort of quinquangular rock, with a coat of the richest mould, absolutely swarmed with birds, glittering with flowers and shrubs of variegated tints, and a magazine of odours. Had it been of a circular form, its circumference might have been about a mile and a half, or two miles. It was evident that human steps were rarely imprinted upon its luxuriant turf.

"Drawing up my light bark on a slope of the isle, I sat it on end, and propped it with a paddle, to serve me as a temporary hut, for I was determined to wait some time the issue of the adventure, before I returned and gave the old Malay a horse-whipping, which I was resolved to do, if it appeared that he had fooled me. I remained here two or three days, till I began to be devoured by ennui at this Robinson Crusoe-like life. I was almost continually walking along the margin of the sea, picking up shells, pebbles, weeds, and other things of the kind, but saw nothing of the maids of the deep.

"One evening, however, just at that glorious period of it, when, especially in Eastern climates, a kind of preter-natural and enchanted silence reigns around, and when every object appears to emit as it were, a golden lustre as if restoring some of the light it had absorbed in the day from the departed luminary—on turning a sharp curve of the islet, I was startled by a shriek and perceived rather indistinctly, two hands raised above the surface of the water, at a short distance from the shore, and momentarily a woman's head popped up and down, as if the individual was drowning. In the suddenness of astonishment, I forgot that I was on an uninhabited spot, and, at the moment felt an almost irresistible impulse to rush into the smooth water and rescue the sinking victim, thinking it a woman. Fortunately I recovered my recollection in time, and stood still to await the result. The hands gradually ...